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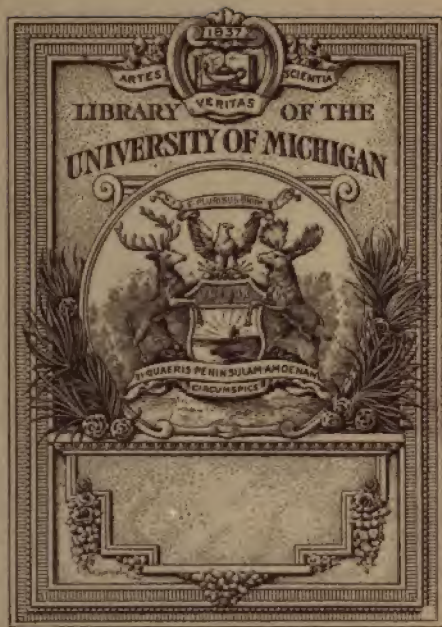
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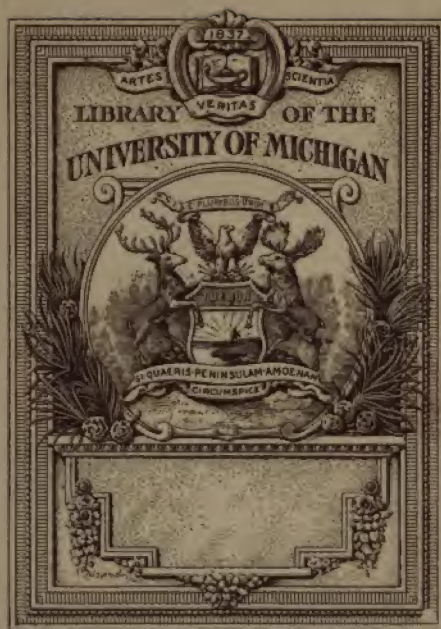


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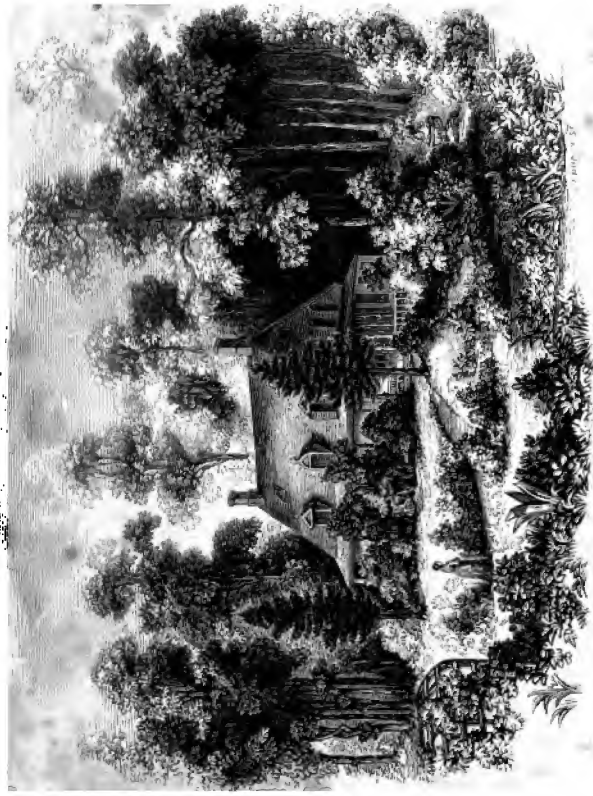
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Woodstock, Newbury

The
Little Republic.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

BY VARIOUS HANDS.

EDITED BY MRS. T. P. SMITH.

Woodvale, Roxbury.

NEW YORK:
WILEY & PUTNAM, 161 BROADWAY.

1848.





TO
My Father,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



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P R E F A C E .

MOST of the articles in this little volume were kindly contributed by the respective writers expressly for this purpose: and as these writers include some of the most respected and distinguished in the land, it is unnecessary for the Editor to do more than to express her acknowledgments for their generous and valuable aid, leaving their contributions to speak for themselves.

The Editor has interspersed some trifles of her own which she hopes may be leniently regarded. The volume is intended as an agreeable and instructive Miscellany, for presentation, free from all sectarian prejudices, and such an one as may contribute to the moral and intellectual progress of "Young America."

Woodvale. Roxbury, September, 1847.

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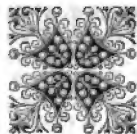
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JUSTICE.

AN ODE.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

I.

CHILD of the dust! to yonder skies
Thy vision canst thou turn?
And trace with perishable eyes,
The seats where Seraphs burn?
There, by the throne of God on high,
An angel form canst thou descry,
Ineffably sublime?
Or is the effulgence of the Light,
Intense, insufferably bright,
For beings born of Time?

II.

That angel form, in light enshrin'd,
Beside the living throne,
Is Justice, still to heaven confin'd,—
For God is just alone.
This Angel, of celestial birth,
Her faint resemblance, here on earth

Has sent, mankind to guide—
Yet though obscur'd her brightest beams,
Still with too vivid ray she gleams
For Mortals to abide.

III.

When the first Father of our Race
Against his God rebell'd,
Was banished from his Maker's face,
From Paradise expell'd ;
For guilt unbounded to atone,
What bound could punishment have known,
Had Justice dealt the blow ?
Sure, to infernal regions hurl'd,
His doom had been a flaming world
Of never ending woe !

IV.

But Mercy, from the throne of God,
Extended forth her hand ;
Withheld th' exterminating rod,
And quenched the flaming brand :
His blood, the blest Redeemer gave,
Th' apostate victim's blood to save,
And fill Redemption's plan :
Angels proclaim'd in choral songs,
"Justice to God alone belongs,
And Mercy pardons Man."

V.

When, issuing from the savage Wild,
Man forms the social tie,
Justice severe, and Mercy mild,
To bind the compact vie;
Of each his own, the parting hedge
Stern Justice takes the solemn pledge;
The sacred vow enjoins.
While Mercy, with benignant face,
Bids man his fellow man embrace,
And Heart with Heart entwines.

VI.

To both united is the trust
Of human Laws consign'd;
One teaches mortals to be just;
The other, to be kind;
Yet shall not Justice always wear
The garb of punishment, or bear
The avenging sword to smite:
Nor Mercy's ever gladdening eye
Permit the Ruffian to defy
Th' unerring Rule of Right.

VII.

To Justice, dearer far the part
To tune the plausible Voice;

Of Virtue to delight the heart,
And bid the good rejoice.
To yield the meed of grateful Praise,—
The deathless monument to raise,
To honor Virtue dead;
Or wreath the chaplet of renown;
The laurel or the mural crown,
For living Virtue's head.

VIII.

Here, to defend his native land,
His sword the Patriot draws;
Here the mock Hero lifts his hand
To aid a Tyrant's cause.
When, meeting on the field of blood
They pour the sanguinary flood
Whose triumph waves unfurl'd?
Alas! let Cheronea tell;
Or plains where godlike Brutus fell,
Or Cæsar won the world.

IX.

In arms, when hostile Nations rise
And blood the strife decides,
'Tis brutal Force awards the prize,
Her head while Justice hides.
But short is Force's triumph base:
Justice unveils her awful face,

And hurls him from the steep ;
Strips from his brow the wreath of Fame,
And after-ages load his name
With curses loud and deep.

X.

Behold the letter'd Sage devote
The labors of his mind,
His country's welfare to promote,
And benefit Mankind.
Lo ! from the blackest caves of Hell,
A phalanx fierce of monsters fell,
Combine their fearful bands—
His fame asperse, his toils assail ;
Till Justice holds aloft her scale
And shields him from their hands.

XI.

Of excellence, in every clime,
'Tis thus the lot is cast ;
Passion usurps the present time,
But Justice rules the past :
Envy, and Selfishness, and Pride,
The passing hours of man divide
With unresisted sway ;
But Justice comes, with noiseless tread,
Overtakes the filmy Spider's thread,
And sweeps the net away.

XII.

Eternal Spirit! Lord supreme
Of blessing and of woe!
Of Justice, ever living stream!

Whose mercies ceaseless flow—
Make me, while Earth shall be my span,
Just to my fellow mortal, man,

Whate'er my lot may be.
And when this transient scene is o'er,
Pure let my deathless Spirit soar,
And **MERCY** find from thee.





SELF CULTURE.

BY ELIZA T. P. SMITH.

Forti et fidei nil difficile.

“**D**ID you hear Mr. W.’s lecture the other evening? it was one of the finest efforts ever made; full of information and instruction—he is quite a learned man, I am told.”

“Have you been to see Mr. A.’s great painting? It is one of the most splendid works ever brought out: he is a great genius.”

“Here is a fine poem by Mr. P.: how soul-stirring, how elevating such sentiments! how they lift one’s thoughts above the things that perish around us. O, I wish I could write like Mr. P.”

“What a delightful evening we have passed! Well, we always do, when Mr. B. calls; his

mind is so well stored with knowledge and interesting facts that his conversation is a feast ; and as flint strikes fire from even the obdurate steel, so his remarks elicit what knowledge we possess, and it is really quite animating."

How often have we heard such remarks as the above, and at the moment, perhaps, a despondent sigh escaped us, that we were not as learned as Mr. W., as great a genius as Mr. A., as fine a poet as Mr. P., or as much respected and prized for our talents and cultivation as Mr. B. : and we at once inquire how they came by such treasures. I can tell you, young reader, how they did *not* obtain them, and how you will never attain to anything valuable. They did not arrive at such talents and distinction by reading all the trashy stories and romances of the day, written to catch a penny from the flimsy and the frivolous ; such a course leaves nothing but a vitiated taste, an idle mind, and a morbid imagination : by wasting all their spare time in sloth, in decking their persons, or in amusing themselves in various useless ways ; such a course would have left

them vacant and superficial, restless and discontented, scorned by the industrious and well-informed.

Or, perhaps you have said, on hearing some one commended : " O well, Mr. — is a *genius*, I am not—so I must not expect to be anything ;" or, oftener, we have heard the remark : " Mr. — has had great advantages—no wonder he is a great scholar." Ah ! such replies are too often the excuses of indolence or a vacant mind ; we do not really desire the more refined enjoyments of literature and science, or we are too indolent to make an effort to possess them. It is not *advantages* which make a scholar ; on the contrary, advantages of wealth and station often prevent distinction in learning, by affording too much satisfaction, or otherwise engrossing the time and attention of their possessor. Not that advantages are not in themselves to be prized—a good education in youth, a collegiate course especially, or an erudite private tutor, are of great service, but not indispensable. We have numerous proofs, living proofs, that a self-taught man may be as

highly respected for learning; more—as thoroughly read in the classics, and as well versed in the sciences, at the end of a given period, as one who has passed the regular graduation of a college. A collegiate course is the best undoubtedly, but the walls of college buildings impart no influence different from any other building—it is more the obligation there to study and recite at regular hours, with the aid of tutors; and this obligation one desirous of learning may feel just as well in a garret or cellar.

But should one peruse these pages who really desires to inform and cultivate his mind—“be a genius,” if he likes that expression better, so that he may have a key to the locked stores of the learned, and be looked up to by his fellows with respect for his talents, these pages may afford some hints to aid his efforts at self-culture.

There are a few requisites without which you will remain in mediocrity all your days, without a chance of success. The first requisite is, to be thoroughly convinced that, next to religious and moral attainments, *mental* resources are the most

valuable possession a person can have. If this is not your abiding conviction—if you think a fine appearance, or a well filled purse, or fashionable acquirements, *after all*, give their possessor as much influence in society, and as much happiness, *true enjoyment*, as mental acquisitions, it is in vain for you to wish to be anything in the world of letters, or even desire to reach a position in the society of those whose resources are within themselves ; not that one is obliged to disregard entirely the appearances or requirements of wealth or fashion, but he must be so thoroughly imbued with a conviction of the greater worth of mental resources, that sacrifices made to attain them will not be valued or regretted. You must have such a value for the treasures of learning and science, that when the rich ride by you in their pomp and power, you may feel perfectly satisfied that you would not exchange the treasures you have within you for ten thousand chariots of gold—that when the elegant and admired brush by you with an air of indifference or scorn, you will remember with satisfaction, aye, gratitude and delight, that

the same time it took such an one to perform an elaborate toilet you have occupied in adorning your mind, and increasing intellectual beauties which will never fade away—that when you happen among fashionables, and find yourself cut out, or cut aloof by those who make fashion their idol, your attainments, instead of looking mean in your eyes, will appear tenfold more valuable, and you will look with pity upon those who debase reason, intellect, and time, to purposes so inadequate to the wants of their immortal nature.

I lay great stress upon this point, not because I think intellectual cultivation requires one to be deficient in any reasonable requirement of either wealth, fashion, or appearance ; but because the meretricious glare and momentary attraction of these sometimes overpower the more unobtrusive yet permanent beauty and worth of the other. Strange would it be if those who spend strength, time, and money, in chasing and catching butterflies, could not show a variety in form, color, and brilliancy superior to those who look at butterflies only occasionally as they flit past, to admire,

and then forget them. Therefore, if you would be anything more than superficial, you must view these things in perfect independence, without a misgiving, or you will vacillate and change, and your mind will be diverted, and you will accomplish mere nothing.

But the second requisite is *industry*. In the ordinary walks of life every one has something to do, some positive duties to perform, either for his own support or for the care and support of others. Now, these cannot be neglected, and the only way to obtain time for self-culture is, in many cases, by extra industry ; but especially in the improvement of leisure, after it is obtained, industry is an important requisite. Let every moment be occupied. It is said that Mdme. de Genlis used to carry a book in her pocket, and at every leisure moment would study it, even in the very few moments she waited dinner after going down ; and the evidence of her industry is the voluminous diary she kept, besides publishing more volumes than any female of her age. How many mechanics, too, do we read of who have

accomplished at the bench or wayside more than others at school or in their easy chairs at home. One hour lost per day amounts to a whole month in one year! sufficient time to master any language, almost any science. Take this ratio for ten years, and what an amount of knowledge might be garnered up! The habit of industry is, like any other habit, *to be acquired*. Cultivate, then, habitual industry, and it will finally become as necessary to your comfort, as you now think indolence is. I am acquainted with a very wealthy gentleman who made his fortune in a retail grocery store, and who acquired then such a habit of industry and activity, rising at daybreak and doing something all the time, that, although he is now advanced in years, and rich enough to make his children a present of forty thousand dollars at a time, yet he still rises at daybreak, stirs about, takes a long walk, reads the news or a book, and is ready for breakfast before lazy people have rubbed their eyes open—so on through the day and evening, and as he is now able to devote his time and efforts to the good of others, he is the

occasion of a great amount of happiness, seeking out the needy and distressed, constantly going or doing : a habit which he could not *acquire* now—a course which he would not at his years be able to follow, had he not commenced in youth. Be industrious, then, and the *habit* will be valuable, as well as the product of your industry.

But the third requisite is *method*—without which industry will not be available. There is such a thing as being “busy about nothing,” or to no purpose. Have, then, a plan for reading and study, both as to the time and books. Get some judicious, well informed friend to advise you what books are best adapted to the end you have in view. If you have no friend whom you would wish to consult, take the science in which you feel the most interested, or a course of history, or if you have a taste for languages, commence with the Latin. If you can have the assistance of a teacher, so much the better ; if not, study the harder, and after you have mastered one of the above, a field of study will open to your view so fascinating and prolific, that you will naturally

fall into some plan of study. There is much time and effort lost for want of method. Be methodical, then, have a time for every object of importance, and do not let trifles deter you from your pursuit.

Such, my young friend, are the requisites to any extra attainments in literature ; and you may find you are deficient in some one of these—but be not discouraged, and the credit and inward satisfaction of the conquest over a bad habit or disposition will be added to the pleasure you will finally enjoy.

To the young who may read these pages let me say, the time is not far off when for every hour's study you will receive a reward. It will be recalled as you pass on in life either to interest your own mind, gratify a friend, or lead the dawning intellect of some one more youthful than yourself. Study, then, in youth, which is the best time. I would encourage the young, for well do I remember when I used to study in childhood, how often a dear friend at my elbow would encourage and urge me on to severer studies and

more thorough lessons. "Knowledge is power," he would say; "store your mind with it; there is nothing like a good education. A man or a woman with a cultivated mind has a source of happiness within themselves independent of everybody. Money is hard to get, brings a deal of trouble with it, and easy to lose. Not so with mental acquirements. You must make yourself master of whatever you begin to study; dig deep into the sciences; study, study; you will never regret it." Again, if disinclined to study, he would say: "Well, the worst will be your own, if you do not lay up a store of knowledge—you have golden opportunities, if you do not improve them, you will regret it one of these days. Ah! how glad I used to be to study by the light of a pine knot, in a chimney corner, after a hard day's work!" so highly did he prize knowledge. And thus would I encourage the young to obtain it, knowing, even by my limited ideas, the happiness it brings to its possessor. Study, then, my young friends, and as you come in contact with those whose learning you have admired at a distance,

you will find a bond of sympathy between you. Though their talents and power may appear to you like the course of the eagle through the air, cutting the very heavens and resting upon the mountain-tops, yet, having plumed your wings, you will comprehend the manner of their flight, and in time will overtake and soar with them, with the beauty and the meanness, the vanity and the hypocrisy, the happiness and the misery of earth alike within your survey and beneath your feet, while the glory of the intellectual world is open to your vision, and you will find that pure and imperishable enjoyment without which the immortal nature within you can never be satisfied.

But, methinks I hear some young person say : " All this is very correct, but it will not avail for *me* ; my time is all occupied ; I have not even the spare hour spoken of." This may be true, or you may think so, and yet you might have two or three hours to spare. Perhaps your time is so occupied you have only sufficient left to attend to your dress, food, and bodily health, and these, you say, *must* be attended to. No more *must* you

attend to these than you must prepare food for the mind, to render you the rational and intellectual being the Creator intended you to be. He has given you a physical nature and laws. He has also endowed you with an intellectual and moral nature—the **one**, subject to decay, mortal; the other, immortal, destined to live on through the endless ages of eternity. Far less necessary is it that the fancy of your dress, the precision of your looks, or the gratification of your palate should be attended to, than that the wants of your mental and moral nature should be supplied—far less necessary as regards your highest interests, and even as regards the opinions of others. Who remembers the fashion of the dress you wore a twelvemonth since? or the trimming it took you so much time to arrange? or the ornaments it took you so much time to pay for? Who remembers that on such and such an occasion you appeared exquisitely attired? Nobody. Or, perhaps, you will say, several noticed and remarked it. Is their opinion valuable? If it is worth having, then even they would have esteemed and

respected you more with wisdom, which is "more precious than rubies," "the pearl of great price."

My young friend, if you would lay a foundation for the respect and esteem of your friends, and all who know you, study to improve your mind—let not a day pass over your head without its bringing some sheaves into the storehouse of your mind. Treasures of knowledge are within your reach, grasp them; the key to many an everlasting and useful science is offered you, take it into your possession; the wand to turn many a mysterious and hidden subject to light and glory is presented to you, use it; the crucible in which the pure ore may be obtained unadulterated is yours, if you will but employ it. Commence, then, to study, and earth will appear in new beauty, delightful thoughts and emotions will flow in upon your soul from the contemplation of subjects which you did not know existed before, and your mind will be filled with enjoyment.

As the present is but a preparatory state, what a prospect does such a course unfold for the

future ! what a vista is opened to the inquiring mind through long ages yet to come, when thought will be fully satisfied, our highest hopes realized, when we shall "know even as we are known !"

How poor and mean do the objects of pursuit of some young people appear in the light of eternity, with the beautiful things of God's perfect creation strewed all around us to attract our love and incite us to inquiry and study ! Let us not, with opportunities so graciously given, neglect our immortal natures, and find ourselves miserably deficient in mental power and Christian grace, the only possessions which will survive "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."





FILIAL PIETY OF DAVID.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1 *Samuel*, Chap. 22.



DULLAM'S dreary cavern bent
O'er many an exile's head,
Who from the tyrant sway of Saul
In discontent had fled;
And he, the leader of that band,
Came forth, in sadden'd thought,
And to a foreign monarch's throne
His suit, a suppliant, brought:—

"Oh, King of Moab!"—bending low,
With trembling lip *he* said,
Who oft to victory's dauntless field
Had Israel's armies led,—
"I pray thee give mine aged sire,
And she, beside whose knee
My earliest, lisping prayer was learn'd,
A refuge safe with thee;

“For while the adverse torrent’s force
With panting breast I stem,
My arm grows weak—my spirit faint,
With anxious care for them ;
Since, crush’d beneath an outlaw’s doom,
I wander to and fro,
And wait, Jehovah’s righteous will
More perfectly to know.”

Then forth to the consenting king
His aged sire he led,—
The cavern dampness on the hairs
That silver’d o’er his head,—
And leaning still on David’s arm,
A wrinkled woman came,
The mother of the many sons
That honor’d Jesse’s name.

The youngest and the dearest one
Now woke her parting tear,
And sorrow shook his manly breast,
That ne’er had shrunk with fear ;
While drawing near the monarch’s side,
With low and earnest tone,
He press’d upon his pitying heart
The treasures of his own.

Methinks his kneeling form we see,
As meekly he besought
That blessing from their lips rever'd
Which soothed his infant thought ;
While they with fond and feeble hand,
His clustering locks among,
Jehovah's majesty supreme
Invok'd with faltering tongue.

The exile went his way, to tread
The path of want and scorn,
A holy sunshine on his brow,
From filial virtue born,—
And sweet as when on Bethlehem's vales
He fed his fleecy flock,
The dew* of sacred song distill'd
Like honey from the rock.

“God is my light !—Why should I fear,
Though earth be dark with shade ?—
God is the portion of my soul,
Why should I be afraid ?
Unless His arm had been my stay
When snares around me spread,
My strength had fainted, and gone down
To silence and the dead.

* The 27th Psalm is supposed to have been composed at this period, and probably on this occasion.

“ Father and mother, dear and true,
The homeless one forsake,
While, like a hunted deer, my course
From cliff to cliff I take ;
Though kings against my life conspire,
And hosts in hate array’d,
God is the portion of my soul,—
Why should I be afraid ?”





ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG
ON THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.



On a solitary ride, while awaiting, not seeking for the subject of a lecture, on the very close of the year, on the extreme point of the topmost branch of an oak tree, that had probably borne the blasts of a hundred winters, I beheld a single, solitary yellow leaf, the last leaf of autumn. The reflections which it suggested to my mind form the subject of this address.

"For ye shall be as an oak, whose leaf fadeth."

We have all heard or read with melancholy delight, and many of us have seen the last rose

of summer. The rose thus solitary and deserted is emblematical of youth and beauty, and of their temporary and transitory glory. The flowers of life may be compared to the pride and luxury of life, which often decay in the very summer of our enjoyment, or are abandoned by, or survive, those social treasures and delights by which we may have been surrounded. Not so the withering of the sturdy oak, not so the seared and yellow leaf, which is the latest to cling to its parent branch. That affords a new, grave, and impressive lesson—a lesson which it becomes us practically to improve—a lesson of time—

—— “ The time of Life is short,
To spend that shortness basely, 't were too long ;
Tho' time did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an Hour !”

Or in language more solemn, and not less affecting or poetically beautiful : “ Man is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down. He fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.” Or, still speaking

from the same divine authority : "As for man, his days are as grass, or a flower of the field : so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more."

Yet is it not most extraordinary that, surrounded as we are by divine and human lessons upon the brevity and importance of Time—Time, the very tenure by which we hold our earthly, may I not say all our heavenly interests?—Time, without which nothing can be achieved,—with which, carefully improved, the world is too low and narrow for the majesty of man, and he would seem, even while moving in a sublunary sphere, to entrench upon eternity—I say, is it not most marvellous, nay, most impious, that thus permitted to enjoy this gracious heritage, we should, in some instances, actively and studiously employ one half of our lives in inventing means for ~~wasting~~ing or escaping from the other? Always, in the language of Seneca, complaining that our days are few, and yet acting as if there were no end to them? Twenty years of a man's life, con-

stantly and systematically employed, would be equal in the product of advantage and knowledge to all that is usually acquired or known in a life of seventy years, the allotted space of human existence. The busiest man has more leisure than business—the most active man does less than he thinks or plans, and thinks and plans less than he ought.

Time is the price of immortality, and if it be squandered or misapplied in early life, when it is most productive and profitable, the remnant of our days shall be spent in shallows and in miseries. Improve, then, the time. Between the cradle and the grave, there is a great work to be accomplished—the work of two worlds. Not a moment is to be lost :

—— “ For on our quick’st degrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them.”

It has often been observed, as a matter of surprise, that old age should remember early and remote circumstances, while perhaps the occur-

rences and concerns of yesterday are forgotten. Properly considered, where, alas! is the wonder? The difference is that between an inscription on the sands of the sea-beaten shore and on the eternal rock. The mind, the immortal essence of man, the miniature resemblance of the Deity, is ever the same, or perhaps grows brighter as it returns to the bosom of its God. But the physical faculties, through which it holds communion with the concerns of this world, are broken and impaired by age. The functions of the body, the outposts and sentinels of the mind, these warders of the brain, are asleep, and convey no distinct announcement to the citadel, either of the approach of friend or foe.

In other words, the impression made upon the brain is a dreaming, visionary, fugitive impression. It lasts for a moment, and then is for ever gone. "To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." Youth is the true season for improvement. "Promise me," said Lord Chesterfield, when writing to his son, "to do all that I require of you until you

are eighteen, and I solemnly promise you to do all that you require me ever afterwards." He that reaches his maturity without knowledge has no time left but for remorse ; and he, says a distinguished moralist, that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn the present value of single minutes, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

He who is content, like the worthless weed, to rot where he grows, to convert his heart into a sepulchre, his garden into a grave, instead of embellishing the bosom of society by his moral and intellectual bloom and beauty, can scarcely be said to live. The true enjoyments of existence are unknown to him. He takes no delight in the accomplishments of those around him, for they remind him of *his* hours misspent, *his* faculties unimproved, *his* opportunities neglected ; and deriving no pleasure from without, he has no world within and no world above to which he can retreat for consolation and repose. A cypress, not a bosom, hides his poor heart. In this lamentable

condition he yields to the unholy blandishments of vice—herds, like the prodigal, with swine—extinguishing the spark of divinity which once burned brightly within him, and prostituting his glorious birthright to perpetual shame.





THE SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED.

BY REV. S. F. SMITH,

Prof. at Newton Theol. Sem.



THINK not, when holy ones expire,
In strong and Christian trust,
The spirit and the form we loved
Alike return to dust.
Think not, when gasping nature sinks,
When shuts the speaking eye,
When motionless the body sleeps,
This is, indeed—to die.
Dissolving nature, to the soul
Doth its true freedom give—
The friends who seem to die, alone
Are those who truly live.
They live around us like the light,
They circle us above,
Lent, as our angels, to fulfil
Their ministries of love.
The spirits of the just and pure,
From earthly dross refin'd,

Live on, unseen by human eye,
Ethereal as the mind.

No word escapes the pallid lip,
Where death has set his seal,
No heavenly harps, to mortal ear
Their holy joys reveal ;
No hand, with gentle pressure, soothes
The mourner, when, alone,
His smitten heart in grief o'erflows
Beside the funeral stone ;
But they, who loved us once on earth,
Though absent, love us still,
And watching round our couch, for us
Their Master's charge fulfil ;
As guardian spirits o'er the good,
To them this trust is given,—
To linger near us, while we live,
Then welcome us to heaven.






FOUR PERIODS IN LIFE.

BY REV. R. H. NEALE,

OF BOSTON.

 **N**a recent visit to New York I spent some time in the Gallery of the Fine Arts. I was particularly struck with some pictures sketched by Mr. Cole, representing four periods of human life.

The first painting represents a smiling, playful infant in a boat, its hands full of flowers, and floating on a stream which springs fresh and sparkling from the mountain rock ; around are grassy banks covered with the fresh beauties of spring ; the dew of morning and the first rays of the rising sun invest the scene only with new and increased attractions. In the stern of the boat is represented the child's guardian angel, having

hold of the helm ; thus indicating the watchful care which our heavenly father exercises over his children, and the ample means of happiness which he has provided for the innocent and lovely.

The next painting represents a young man gliding on a more rapid current. He is full of hope, his countenance beams with life and animation, and his bosom swells with the spirit of enterprise. Before him is the temple of fame and happiness, whose light shines upon his intense and eager gaze with a dazzling splendor from afar. Full of confidence in his own powers, and thoughtless of danger, he has dismissed the guardian angel and seized the helm himself. For awhile the boat moves on as safely as ever, and the ardent youth already seems to triumph in the consummation of his hopes. At length the current divides into two streams, one narrow and the other broad and beautiful. The first, which would have led to the desired temple, is unperceived by the voyager amid the shades of overhanging trees. He pushes forward his boat upon the broad and rapid current, which is seen in the distance

to make a bend in its course, and descend to a dark and rocky ravine.

The next painting represents a man of middle age. The boat is in the dark ravine, plunging and dashing along upon a swollen and furious current, speeding its way towards the ocean, which is dimly seen through the mist and falling rain. The scenery around is rugged, and dreary, and perilous. Impending and fearful precipices rise in the lurid light. The countenance of the voyager indicates an agitation of soul which corresponds with the surrounding danger. The helm of the boat is gone, and the guardian angel is left far behind, concealed in the distant clouds, and nearly or quite lost to his view. Such is man in the midst of life's cares, and troubles, and perils, without religion.

The fourth painting represents an aged man, helpless and prostrate, in the bottom of the boat, which is floating at random amid the storms and darkness of the midnight ocean. But now a ray of light breaks through the clouds, and the guardian angel, which has been secretly following

him all this while, is seen descending upon it, and offers even now to rescue him from danger, and be his conductor to the haven of rest. Thus our heavenly Father is following his children; he sees their dangers, he pities their infirmities; and graciously offers to be the guide of their life.

These paintings are the more interesting on account of the great moral truth which they impressively set forth, viz. our need of divine guidance. The beginning of life is like embarking upon a wide and dangerous sea. Everything seems pleasant and safe at our first setting out; the sun shines brightly above, and the waters present a smooth, unruffled surface. But the storm and the tempest will yet try our bark. There are rocks in this ocean, and pirates upon these seas. Our only safety is in being under the guardianship and control of him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand. The soul is everywhere exposed to danger. A New York editor recently, speaking of the many young men that are ruined in that great city, warns them to remain in the country. But a young man, unless

under the guidance of religious principles, is safe nowhere. There are temptations in the country, as well as in the city. It was in the country, in the most rural and retired spot, in the very garden of Eden, where sin first entered the world,

“ And with it death and all our woes.”

“ There stood the tall cedar, the fir, the pine,
And branching palm ; flowers and fruits,
At once of every hue, appeared,
With gay, enamelled colors mixed,
On which the sun more glad bestowed
His beams than on fair evening cloud
Or humid bow, when God hath showered
The earth, so lovely was the landscape.”

Here the presence and glory of the Deity were wonderfully displayed. In earth, sea, and air, in herb, tree, fruit, and flower, were seen the handiwork of the Almighty,—the varied images of that God in whom we live, and move, and have our being. But temptation was also here. Here man, amid scenes of surpassing loveliness, yielded to the tempter, and incurred the displeasure of his

Creator. There is no place in which the soul is secure, unless under divine guidance. If these things are done in the green tree, what may we not expect in the dry ?

The warm feelings, the enthusiasm, the high hopes which are peculiar to the period of youth, are another reason why the soul should be under the guidance of God. Young people are prone to indulge in bright visions of the future. They sketch out in prospect only scenes of happiness, of eminent attainments in knowledge, in wealth, in honor, and greatness. They imagine their course through life will be peaceful and happy as a summer's passage on a gentle sea. Successive scenes of enchantment are seen in their imagination rising one above another, in fascination and beauty. Now, I would not have these ardent feelings crushed, but rightly directed. Let the soul be stayed upon God, and it may cherish the most enlarged expectations. It may indulge in hopes ever so bright, towering, and far-reaching,—hopes which rise to heaven, and encompass in their ample vision all that is blissful and glorious

in a world of unfading light,—and there shall be no disappointment. These hopes shall be realized, for they are

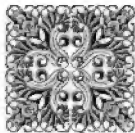
“ Sanctioned sure by the unimpeachable
And awful oath and promise of a God.”

Another reason why the Lord should be the guide of our life is, that we are now receiving an education for eternity. We are forming the elements of a character which is to be a source of happiness or misery for ever. The soul is immortal : whatever be its character, whatever its experience here, or its destiny hereafter, it must live. Degraded, abused, perverted, it may be,—but crushed, annihilated, never. Such is heaven’s decree. How important that it be guided right at the beginning of an existence which is never to close !

Not only is immortality stamped upon the soul, but also the law of endless growth. Other things have their fixed bounds. The tree comes to maturity, bears fruit a few years, and is then cut down. The human body soon reaches the fullness of its strength, and then commences a process of

decay which soon lays us in the dust. But the soul never reaches a point of power or a degree of enlargement beyond which it may not pass. And if its progress in another world shall be as rapid as in this, and doubtless it will be far more so, who can conceive the strength which, either for good or for evil, it may not reach? We may conceive all created minds, the minds of man and of angels, united into one mighty intellect, and yet there will come a period when each redeemed soul shall equal it in the strength and magnitude of its powers. We may conceive all the happiness which has ever been experienced on earth, and all that has as yet been experienced by finite intelligences in heaven, gathered into one ocean of enjoyment, and yet there will come a time when each redeemed soul shall, in its onward, upward, and never-ending progress, be capable of receiving it all; nay, more, of quaffing it at a single draught—and then, as millions and millions of ages shall roll their slow lapse away, it shall still be ascending from strength to strength and from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord.

Yes, he whose heart is early imbued with the spirit of the gospel, and whose mind is stayed up by religious principle, will be safe for ever. He will stand amid the cares of the world, the conflicts of life, and the wiles of the tempter, firm as the ocean rock, around whose base the waters harmlessly rage, and around whose summit the winds of heaven as harmlessly play.





FERDINAND DE SOTO.

BY ELIZA T. P. SMITH.

[FERDINAND DE SOTO, after being the companion of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, Governor of Cuba and other immense territories, and having fame and great wealth by military service with the Spaniards in the New World, was prompted by ambition and a desire to find the gold which he imagined in great abundance in North America, to set out from Florida, with a great number of followers, on an exploring expedition, northward. Sanguine of success, he penetrated far into our western wilds, until, at last, disappointment, melancholy, and a conflict of emotions, with every species of hardships, brought on a malignant fever, under which he sank rapidly, neither comforted nor attended, as the last hours of life demand;—to the last he was firm, that this was a land where gold would be found, and a great nation would rise. His burial at midnight by a few comrades, to prevent disheartening the rest; his requiem chanted by the priests in the lonely place, and the contrast of his miserable end with his former greatness, must have been very affecting and solemn. His wife was left in Cuba, to govern till his return.]



OT in a tent of burnished gold,
His brow with laurels bound—
Nor 'mid the dead in battle told
With martial honors crowned,—

Not in his home DE SOTO died,
PIZARRO's generous friend ;
No gentle voice was at his side,
No wife could o'er him bend :

Far off, 'mid western canebrakes wild,
His canopy the sky,
SOTO, once fortune's favorite child,
Had laid him down to die ;
Peru's great conqueror, Cuba's lord,
His strength and pride brought low,
His death couch, made the cold greensward,
By Mississippi's flow.

Where none but savages e'er trod,
Nor helping hand was nigh ;
Where council fires gleamed o'er the sod,
And wigwams met the eye ;
Where the stern Red Man was the lord
Of wood, and wild, and river,
And hostile chiefs were fierce toward
Spain's bold adventurer.

His followers there around him stand,
His dying words to hear ;
A hardy, brave, yet suffering band,
Desponding, now appear,—

His manly brow, once more he raised ;
There came a vision bright—
And in his eye, as round he gazed,
Gleamed an unearthly light.

“ Ye braves, your labors are not lost,
Nor all your toils and pain ;
Wealth and renown—to me all past—
Comrades, for you remain.
A mighty nation yet shall rise
Here, where we first have trod,
Whose glory, swelling to the skies,
Shall praise the Lord, our God.

“ I die, but flag not, noble band,
Led on by Moscoso,
Ye yet shall find that promised land,
Where golden rivers flow.
And when sore pressed, by hardships driven,
Your hearts with sorrows bleed ;
Pray to the God, who reigns in heaven,
For whatsoever ye need ”

DE SOTO died—his spirit brave
Was crushed by grief and care ;
He sought for Gold—he found a grave ;
For Fame—he found despair.

'Tis midnight—silently his friends
The last sad rite perform,
And 'neath the dark cold stream descends
That once much honored form.


His requiem the silence broke
Of forest, dense and wide,
And prairies vast, and stately oak,
And wilderness replied ;
And Spain's stern warriors bowed with grief,
Stood grouped together there ;
Their hearts were full, their words were brief,
And short and soft their prayer.

His dirge was, what the wild waves said—
His funeral pile, their flow—
His sepulchre, their slimy bed,
Where none his place may know.
Thus he, who first that mighty stream,
In all its grandeur saw—
Thy fate, DE SOTO, it became—
To sleep beneath its roar.



BARLEY WOOD.

BY REV. BARON STOW, D.D.

HO, that reads the English language, is not familiar with the name of the distinguished authoress, and devout Christian, HANNAH MORE?

For more than half a century, she was a brilliant star in the literary and religious firmament; and though the period in which she flourished was adorned with a galaxy of minds of uncommon lustre, yet by few was she surpassed in splendor of intellect, and by fewer still in moral worth and genuine usefulness. With strong powers of mind, a versatile genius, a lively fancy, a pure taste, large accumulations of knowledge, and a sound, scriptural piety, she united an extraordinary decision and an unwearied industry in the execu-

tion of purposes that had a benevolent regard to human welfare.

If, in the early part of her public career, she aimed to achieve a lower order of moral results than those which the Gospel makes prominent, it is gratifying to know that she soon learned, by experiment, "a more excellent way," and became so thoroughly instructed in the principles, and so deeply imbued with the spirit of Christianity, as to be satisfied with nothing less than the accomplishment of the higher and more spiritual order—the conversion of men to God, and the formation of their characters after the New Testament pattern.

The productions of her pen were numerous, and greatly diversified in subject and style; and as they appeared in rapid succession, were read with avidity and profit by immense multitudes in both hemispheres. Addressed and adapted to all classes, from the proudest nobleman to the humblest cottager, they diffused salutary influences through the mass of society, and contributed largely to those beneficent changes which, in

these latter days, have given to the religious world a new and more attractive aspect.

Her distinction, however, belongs not all, nor chiefly, to the literary department. In practical benevolence, she was excelled by few in her native isle. While 'instructing and delighting, through the press, the more elevated classes, she was actively engaged in the establishment and support of schools among the most ignorant and degraded. The very people whom prelate and priest neglected as unworthy of their care, she gathered around her, and caused to be taught the "gracious words" of Him who is "no respecter of persons." In this way she expended many thousands sterling from her own resources, besides many other thousands contributed by approving friends; and, what was far better, she gave time and personal attention to the system of efforts which required so large an outlay of funds.

Her literary labors were by no means confined to the more cultivated portions of society. She wrote for the ruder classes, books, tracts, and ballads, in form and style the best suited to awaken

interest and fasten impression, and thus sent her influence down to the very lowest gradation of the social structure. The highest dignitaries of the realm, nay, even royalty itself, more than once paid flattering homage to her genius ; but it was her chief glory, that, like her Master, she gave her warmest sympathies and her most assiduous endeavors to the poor, the oppressed, the outcast.

She was the youngest but one of the five daughters of Mr. Jacob More, and was born in the year 1745, in the parish of Stapleton, near Bristol, in Gloucestershire. She afterwards resided in Bristol ; then alternately at Bath and Cowslip Green ; subsequently at Barley Wood, near Wrington, and last of all, at Clifton. All these places are hallowed by recollections of the gifted authoress. But to *us*, who had come down from London on purpose to see, as far as we could in a single day, the most attractive points which are associated with her history, none were so interesting as Barley Wood, where she passed the most useful portion of her protracted life.

One Friday morning, in the loveliest season of

the year, we left the "White Lion," at Bristol, in an open phaeton, and, crossing the Avon, were soon in the open country of Somersetshire. Our route was by the great road to Bridgwater and Exeter, in a southwesterly direction, and nearly parallel with Bristol Channel, which, from the summits of the higher ridges, was occasionally visible, and gave to the scenery a rich variety. Probably those waters, glittering in the sunlight, were the more interesting to us, because they are a part of the great ocean that laves the shores of our longed-for home, and on whose rolling bosom we expected in a few days to be borne away towards the setting-sun. Involuntarily our eyes turned westward, and it almost seemed possible to look across the blue expanse, and, despite the earth's rotundity, discover that far-off land towards which affection pointed with more than magnetic fidelity.

As we proceeded, we had on our left the Mendip Hills, abounding with treasures of coal and lead, and among whose wretched colliers and miners Miss More and her sisters expended a

large amount of evangelical effort. On our right, in the hazy distance, and beyond the Channel, towered the cliffs of Glamorganshire, in the principality of Wales. The day was delightful. The wind, being westerly, seemed, as it fanned our faces, to whisper intelligence from our republican home. The air was blander than any we had breathed in the south of France, or even under the mildest Italian sky. The fleecy clouds, careering across the heavens, softened the intensity of the sun's rays, and, casting their moving shadows on the hill-sides and the fields of waving grain, imparted to the scene a picturesque beauty, heightened not a little by association with the familiar visions of childhood.

The whole country was in her richest and most elegant attire. The hedge-rows and the grass-fields were in full bloom, and the atmosphere was loaded with exhilarating fragrance. Among the blossoms that decked the meadows were a profusion of the golden "butter-cup," the daisy, and the clover, reminding us continually of our native New England hills.

After passing thus about ten or eleven miles, over an undulating surface, we left the high road, and, turning to the right, took a less travelled path, which led, for nearly a mile, through a thicket of shrubs. Emerging thence, and winding down a declivity, and then making an abrupt turn to the left along under the brow of a wooded hill, we came directly and unexpectedly in front of the object of our search.

The miniature view, so often engraved, is a faithful representation of the spot *as it was* when it had the maternal care and culture of the amiable proprietor. Very few changes have since been made by human hands; but the trees have grown, and some parts of the premises bear the marks of decay and dilapidation.

Passing through an old, rickety gate, and ascending the slope by a curved path that was skirted by trees, flowering shrubbery, and tall grass that seemed to invite the scythe, we had a view of one of the loveliest scenes in nature, and wondered not that one of the purest of earth should have selected that spot as a residence, and left it

finally with pungent regret. It was the very place for intellect to meditate, fancy to ramble, and piety to pray. It was the place for mental activity and mental repose—for communion with books, with one's own heart, and with God.

There, on a small plot of table-land, considerably above the road, and facing the south, stood the two-story dwelling, in which, for twenty-six years, a daughter of genius had her home. Unaltered, except by age, it is just as she left it. There is the very "bow-window" of which she makes such frequent mention in her correspondence, and in which she was accustomed to sit, and read, and think, and write, all for the benefit of her race, and the glory of her Lord. Over the front of her house is spread a drapery of trellised vines, trained by the hand that drew so graphically the Portrait of the Apostle Paul, and sketched, with such masterly skill, the Spirit of Prayer. Looking down the southerly slope, and across the road, the eye takes in a panorama of hill and valley that is luxuriant with beauty. Directly beneath, is a low tract of alluvial land,

—such as in this country is called “interval,”
—highly cultivated, and dotted with aged elms
and clumps of bushes. In the rear of the house
is a gentle acclivity, thickly set with a variety of
forest-trees, interspersed with shrubbery and works
of art. These trees were planted by the hand of
the fair authoress, and these urns, and statues,
and summer-houses were placed there under her
supervision.

Upon this enchanting spot, so beautiful in itself,
and so rich in its associations, we passed an hour
never to be forgotten. In all our rambles we had
seen nothing in which we felt a more tender in-
terest.

Withdrawing reluctantly, and with many a
“lingering look behind,” we walked to Wrington,
a small village in the plain below, distant, per-
haps, a half mile from Barley Wood. At one
of the cottages by the roadside, covered with
thatch, and overrun with honeysuckles, we called
for the purpose of ascertaining whether any of the
inmates remembered Miss More. A woman was
prompt to reply that she well remembered the

"blessed good lady," and assured us that from her lips, she, and many other poor cottagers in the neighborhood, had received instruction. "She used to teach us," said the woman, "o' Saturdays to sew and knit; and o' Sundays to read and pray."

In Wrington, we visited the church, where, for many years, she worshipped God with the simple people of that rural district. It is quite ancient, and, being moss-grown, answered well to our conception of an old English church. It is of stone, in the form of a cross, and was once a Romanist church, in the days when Popery had the ascendancy in Britain.

We were admitted to the interior by the attentive "sextoness," who understood well the duties and the dialect of a genuine custode, and who derives, from her faithful attentions to strangers, a respectable revenue. Miss More's pew remains as she left it in 1828, with the same furniture, and the very books bearing her autographs. It is a large square pew, but a few feet from the front of the reading-desk, and contains the

broad, old-fashioned, oaken arm-chair, in which she sat and listened to preachers, some of whom knew less of theology than herself, but whom she made it a point of conscience to hear, because she revered the ordinance of God, and wished to give a proper example to the people in her neighborhood.

Here we saw, what we had often read of, a chained Bible—a huge folio of one of the earlier editions of the received version, attached to a side-desk, by a chain some two or three feet in length. It was placed there at first when Bibles were scarce, to be consulted by the few, and *fastened* that it might not be removed and become common. “The word of the Lord was precious in those days ; there was no open vision.” Blessed change ! That holy volume is now unchained, and abroad among the people. “The word of the Lord is not bound ;” and woe to him who interposes an obstacle to its universal circulation !

We left our names in the “strangers’ visiting-book,” and were interested to find in its well-filled pages many familiar names of our own

countrymen. Passing out, we were shown a mural tablet of large dimensions, containing a full and merited testimonial to the character, the principles, and the labors of Miss More.

A few yards from the church, surrounded by a light picket-railing, is the quiet resting-place of the five sisters—Mary, Elizabeth, and Sarah, who died each at the age of seventy-five ; Martha, at sixty-seven ; and Hannah, at eighty-eight. They all lived unmarried, served their generations in works of benevolence, and descended to the grave with the respect of all who knew them. The place of sepulture is designated by a plain sandstone slab, on which are etched names and dates, and beneath the simple narrative, these expressive sentences from the Apostle Paul :—

“ These all died in Faith.
Accepted in the Beloved.”

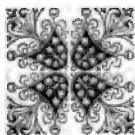
Near the enclosure stands an aged yew tree, whose accessible twigs have been plucked and borne away as memorials of a place that is richly honored. In various parts of Europe, we

had visited the tombs of many who had filled the world with their renown, as scholars, artists, statesmen, generals, popes, kings, and emperors ; but in no instance had we such emotions as thrilled our minds while bending over that spot, and thinking of the useful one who sleeps there in prospect of the "resurrection of life." It is the grave of a distinguished Christian, who lived more than seven-eighths of a century, and devoted her time and powers and attainments to the advancement, not of herself, but of the religion of her redeeming Lord. We lingered long, and retired with feelings subdued by meditation upon sacred themes, and with fresh purposes to walk more closely with God, and live with more exclusive reference to eternity.

After our return to the "White Lion," we rode to Clifton, an elevated bluff of land that overlooks Bristol and the surrounding country, and whose base is washed, on the westerly side, by the classic Avon, as it passes on to unite with the broad and more navigable Severn. There, at No. 4 Windsor Terrace, we found the house where the

aged saint passed the closing five and a half years of her valuable life, and where, on the 7th of September, 1833, she concluded her earthly mission. We were kindly admitted, and shown the back drawing-room where hangs her life-like portrait ; and where, with Christian composure, she endured those protracted sufferings which preceded the summons to go up and receive her reward.

Hannah More was an extraordinary woman. She needs no monumental marble to transmit the record of her virtues. "Her works do praise her." Her name descends to posterity with the admiration and the blessing which are accorded to none but the benefactors of their race.





THE
LOST CHILD AND THE FAITHFUL DOG.

BY THOMAS POWER, ESQ.



©W blest the Providential care,
That binds so closely all things fair,
By nature, art, or love !
That gives protective power to man ;
That marks, for good, life's social plan—
As reason, instinct, all we scan—
Heaven's kindly purpose prove !

Who would exchange the conscious bliss,
'Mid changing scenes of life like this,
That love is Heaven's own way !
That joyous impulses of mind
Were given in dearer force to bind
The thousand ties in life we find,
To cheer us on our way !

It was the lovely **sunset** hour,
That, with its mild and gentle power,

Gave charm to all around ;
The eastern sky of crimson hue,
And forms that fancy never drew,
Brought to the calm, admiring view,
Pleasure the dearest found.

Then Mary—on whose guileless head
But three short summers yet had shed
Their spring of love and joy—
In buoyant pleasure, dared to stray
Where her young fancy led the way,
As perfumed flowers, and insects gay,
Their gentle power employ.

To her untaught but joyous eye
All beauteous things beneath the sky
Had fresher, newer grace ;
Each tree and shrub, each blossom fair,
Was still more beautiful and rare,
As if a fairy had been there
Its gayest work to trace.

With eager hand, the joyous child
Culled from the countless blossoms wild
A beautiful bouquet ;
It was a trophy she had won,
And never 'neath the setting sun

Was deed of higher valor done
Than Mary did that day.

Aloft she held her trophy bright,
And happy thoughts of pure delight
 Beamed from her laughing eye ;
" Oh ! how I wish my Flora here,
I'd show my pretty posies dear !"
So wished she, and anon was near
 Her little fond ally.

Her parents, filled with wild alarm,
Imagined every varied harm
 To her they loved so well ;
Searched each apartment, still unfound,
Each nook and bower of garden-ground,
Each path and avenue around,
 Who shall their anguish tell !

Flora, " most faithful of his kind,"
Was by its mistress left behind,
 But soon impatient proved ;
And that impatience then was seen
By those who knew where she had been,
In garden walks, so fair and green,
 Now missed by them she loved.

More restive little Flora grew,
And onward, onward, fondly drew
 The absent lost one's friend.
Soon, in a lovely, quiet place,
Where stood the lost, did Flora trace
The child, whose happy, radiant face
 The rose's blush transcends.

How eager was her blissful cry,
Her guardian friends the gentlest sigh !
 But Flora first was there ;
" Come, see the posies I have found !"
And in her hands, and on the ground
Scattered were many blossoms round,
 Perfuming all the air.

Her gipsy hat thrown by her side,
Her hair luxuriant then outvied
 The richest grace of art ;
Nor happier child, nor prouder queen,
Nor trophied worth in things terrene,
Nor sweeter flowers were ever seen,
 Nor could such bliss impart.

How blest the Providential care
That binds so closely all things fair,
 By nature, art, or love !

Lost Child and Faithful Dog.

Like the fair child, whose perils rise,
When clouds shall darken earth and skies,
Be ours the bliss to win the prize,
And Heaven that bliss approve !





WHAT IS TEMPERANCE?

BY GEORGE N. BRIGGS,

Governor of Massachusetts.

T is sometimes said, that to call *total abstinence* temperance is a misnomer. Temperance, it is declared, consists in the moderate or reasonable use of intoxicating drinks, and not in their entire disuse. Strictly speaking, perhaps, temperance in eating and drinking consists in the reasonable indulgence in that which, to use moderately, is either useful or harmless.

Can any use of a beverage which is in itself hurtful, with propriety be called temperate? It seems to me there can be but one answer to this question.

Temperance, then, in respect to drinks, is the reasonable or moderate use of any beverage,

which, being used in moderate quantities, is either beneficial or harmless ; and in entirely abstaining from any beverage which is in itself injurious.

Is the use of alcoholic drinks, to a person in health, beneficial ? This is an inquiry of much interest, especially to the young, to whose care is committed, under Providence, their own health and destiny. This question has been ably discussed during the last twenty years ; and I think one is authorized to say, there has been an almost unanimous public opinion pronounced in the negative. And this opinion comes as well from those who indulge in its use as from those who abstain from it.

Alcohol is a poison. That it is absolutely injurious to the constitutions of those who use it, is the recorded judgment of great numbers of the most eminent and distinguished medical men in this country and in Europe. Experience and observation have brought the whole community to concur with this professional opinion. Multitudes of our fellow beings, who, in their own persons,

are the melancholy living witnesses of its destructiveness, though impelled by the power of depraved appetites to continue its use, bear testimony to the truth and correctness of that judgment.

Has that person ever been seen in the world, who has been injured in his health, his prosperity, or his character, by total abstinence from intoxicating drinks? If there has been one such case in the history of the human family, let it be named.

Would to Heaven that such a challenge could be safely made for the production of an individual who has been utterly ruined in his body, mind, and estate, by the use of intoxicating drinks. Such a challenge could not with safety be made. It is far otherwise. So dreadful has been the havoc among men of all classes and conditions in life by this enemy of the race, the question could not be put to any person who has arrived to years of discretion in this free and Christian land, who would not be compelled to answer, that numbers within his personal knowledge had been

destroyed by intemperance. Happy is that person who can declare that he has not seen its ravages, and wept over its blighting influence, within the circle of his own family and friends. The whole catalogue of evils and ills brought upon individuals, upon families, and upon communities, by intemperance, has resulted from the use of intoxicating drinks. What is called the temperate use of these drinks has led to these results. Who can tell when temperance ends and intemperance begins ? Who can define that hitherto undiscovered line which separates the moderate from the immoderate use of a substance, as a beverage, which is never harmless, but always hurtful to the human constitution ? Ask the poor victim who has fallen under the power of the destroyer, if he can tell when he crossed that line ? If you put that question to him at one of those lucid intervals when he is just recovering from his last debauch, or has been rescued from the most horrible of all deaths, by *delirium tremens*, the poor sufferer, looking back on the past, and remembering what he was ; look-

ing around and within him, and feeling what he now is ; and casting a glance at the gloomy future, and starting back with terror at what he soon must be, may declare to you the thrilling truth, that the turning-point of his destiny was when he took his first glass. O, young man, that fatal first glass ! How many widows and orphans it has made ! how many hearts it has broken ! how many homes it has desolated ! how many hopes it has dashed ! how many characters it has destroyed, and how many souls it has ruined ! True, it is not the certain precursor of ruin to every one who takes it ; but, to him who receives it not, the ruin of intemperance never comes.

To him who has taken the first glass, and is thoughtlessly indulging in dangerous repetitions, the *pledge of total abstinence* presents a simple, efficient, and certain remedy against the fearful consequences with which a perseverance in indulgence will surely overwhelm him.

Let the melancholy wrecks of fortunes and of families, of talents, of genius, and of fame, with

which intemperance has filled the world around them, give warning to the rising generation.

Inspiration declares, " Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging ; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

The experience of men in every age has remarkably verified this truth of revelation. Multitudes have yielded to the mocker, and fallen before the power of strong drink.

Let the young men of the country adopt the principle of *total abstinence*, raise the standard of temperance, and save themselves and the generation to which they belong from that curse of curses which has fallen upon so many of their predecessors.

Pittsfield, Nov. 3, 1846.





AN AMARANTHINE FLOWER.

BY REV. R. W. CUSHMAN.

PASTOR OF BOWDOIN SQUARE CHURCH.

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The Son of God



SAW her at the house of prayer,
With eyes of light ; the rose of health
 Bloomed on her cheek. Her buoyant tread
 Bespoke a joyous heart and head
That never ached.—A child of wealth,
She stood among the fairest, fair.

Yes—Mary at the house of prayer !
And while around a giddy throng,
 Gave and return'd, with smile and nod,
 To *beauty* what they owed to *God*,—
 She poured the swell of holy song,
And knelt in low prostration there.

An Amaranthine Flower.

Devotion o'er her features raised
A light that told of inward peace :
An antepast of opening heaven
In one who felt her sins forgiven,
And panted for a quick release,
And presence with the God she praised.

She's gone ! But whither ? Look ye down
To search among the clods beneath ?—
Suppose ye that th' immortal mind
Within the realm of Death ye'll find ?
And will ye for that monarch wreath
Of cypress boughs a victor's crown ?

'Tis true she fell beneath his stroke,
And God the awful mandate gave,
'Tis true she sinned and with her race
Was doomed to find a resting place
Within the dark and silent grave ;
Yet *Christ* hath not his promise broke.

Behold ! amid celestial spheres
Her spirit walks the paths of light,
And hark ! her lyre for Him who reigns
She wakes to more than angel strains
Where youth immortal fears no blight,
And bliss eternal knows no tears.

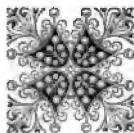


CASTLE-BUILDING.

BY REV. R. W. CUSHMAN.

STRONGLY as the mind is impressed by the rapid succession of such events in the natural and moral world as are adapted to annoy, we still retain a lively idea of perfection and bliss. As if to compensate for the fallacy of hopes awakened by the illusive smile of fortune on our bewildering path, Imagination, with the more intense assiduity, builds her airy heaven to beguile us of the sorrows of our disappointment. When the heart is torn by the thorns implanted in our bosom by some perfidious wretch, whom, under the guise of a friend, we have admitted to the warmest recesses of our souls, we welcome the tales of Fancy ; for it is an anodyne to our anguish : and while we gaze on the bold and lively representations of her pencil, we are

willing to believe there is a paradise below. Happy are they, and they only, to whom the force of such illusions is broken by the revelations of a Christian's faith ; which, while it teaches the vanity of things on earth, points us to the paradise of God, where the highest aspirations will be satisfied, and the highest expectations will be more than sufficient.





CHEER UP! CHEER UP!

BY ELIZA T. P. SMITH.



WAVE brightening joys, my friend, been stayed ?
Have earthly hopes been mocked and crushed ?
And has the light that round thee played
A meteor proved—false to thy trust ?

Cheer up—cheer up—life still is bright,
The path is onward, upward ever ;
Cheer up—cheer up—there gleams a light
Showing hopes that darken never.

Hast thou by calumny's foul tongue
To thy heart's core been deeply stung ?
And like a dove with wounded breast
Dost pine for some green spot to rest ?

Cheer up, cheer up, let future years
Refute the charge, dispel thy fears ;
Cheer up, cheer up, nor idly grieve,
A golden web thou yet may'st weave.

Hast thou a bitterness of soul
Known only to thy God alone?
Spell-bound art thou by sin's dark thrall?
Are all life's sunny visions flown?
Cheer up, cheer up, God from on high
"The *way*, the *truth*, the *life*," sets forth;
Cheer up, cheer up, angels are nigh
To aid thee on in virtue's path.

Ah! stricken one, for the dear dead
Doth thy fond heart too often yearn?
Is the sweet smile, the look, the word,
Too faithful held in memory's urn?
Cheer up, cheer up, if from on high
Loved friends may view those left below,
Thrice precious to their watchful eye
A calm and cheerful heart will show.

Cheer up, cheer up, and look above,
All nature woos to joy and love;
Our hearts within us yearn for heaven,
A foretaste of the future given:
Cheer up—cheer up—immortal hope
Forbids us 'mid dark things to grope;
And points us to the pure, the bright,
The *cheerful* way to realms of light.

Woodville, 1846.



HUMAN LIFE.

BY ORVILLE DEWEY, D. D.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."

THOUGH our life is a tale that is told,
and soon told, yet it may be a glorious
story.

Its visible condition, the visible array
that attends it, wears not the aspect of meanness,
but of beauty and majesty. Its career is by fair
flowing streams, by waving grain-fields, through
flower-enamelled plains, amidst moulded hills,
along ocean-shores, and beneath the bright
skies. Each one of the years that is noted in
its brief record, it travels more than four hundred
millions of miles in its track around the sun. Its
course is among the stars, and so may be its high
spiritual companionship; it may breathe the air

of higher worlds, its far journeyings in its earthly orbit may be but experimental tours to prepare it for its loftier flight through the infinite heavens, and the ages of eternity.

What things, too, may be put into the biography of a mortal life! The deeds of an Alfred and a Washington are in that record; the genius of a Homer and a Milton, the wisdom of a Bacon and a Newton are there: the labors of a Howard and an Oberlin, the toils of philanthropy and the sacrifices of martyrdom, are there. And though the same spheres may not seem to be open to us, yet any young man who will, can open to himself some sphere for a glorious action. All things are possible—things that now seem incredible, are possible to him who has the great heart to will, and to do a brave and noble deed. A few years since, a youth of as noble a beauty and power of capacity as I ever knew, came to me and said, "I cannot bear to go on the common path of life where I am now walking; do you not think that I might prepare myself to engage in some moral enterprise, some mission to rescue and save the

neglected and wretched around us?" For various reasons I did not think fit to encourage him in working out his high ideal ; and I said to him, " Why need you leave the common path ? there, where you are, you may work out the grandest ideal of a good and holy life : we want to see a beauty and majesty in daily life : Christianity wants no example so much ; then, where you daily walk in scenes of business and accumulation, you may do as nobly as any philanthropist as ever toiled, as any martyr who ever suffered." He is dead ! that noble youth, and has found, I trust, in another life, a sphere for the expansion of all his lofty powers and aspirations.

But, my young friends, that example admonishes us, everything admonishes us, that if we would do anything well or wisely in this life, we must do it quickly. The tale is fast telling—the years are swiftly flying. Like the notes that fall from the church bell to denote that a soul has departed these earthly scenes, so our years, as they are numbered, seem to reverberate the knell of the past, which, passing away, seems echoed back upon our heart.

If there were a watch-tower from which the voice of providence proclaimed in anticipation the date of your life, with what breathless interest would you listen as every successive tone struck upon your ear, and what awe would fall upon you, as the last sound died away, as the story was finished, the tale of life told, and all was ended! So let us look at our life now. Let us set it apart from the continuous flow of universal life from the succession of generations; let us single it out, and contemplate it as a brief season assigned to us for a momentous work. Let us not deceive ourselves with regard to its character or its continuance. Let us think of it as if we were dead, and then ask ourselves what we would have it to be. In short, let us determine to live, to use a common phrase, but full of meaning, let us determine to "live as we shall wish we had done when we come to die."

My young friends, let us endeavor to look at life from a point out of itself: not from within it, as an action that is passing and being performed, but from without it, as a tale that is told. Look-

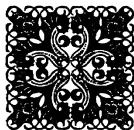
ing then at our own life, as a history, as a piece of biography, what would we love it to be? Every one has a biography; it may not be written in a book, but there is an amount made up of every one's life: silently or in the voice of his friends and neighbors, and the world around him. Would any one have his life a tale concerning which, when it is ended, silence is mercy, of which silent regrets are the only remembrance? But suppose it *were* written in a book, what then, I repeat, would we desire to have recorded there? that our life was selfish and covetous, or sensual and base? or merely harmless, a life of **poor** negatives? Would we have it written there, that at the expense of conscience and honor, we gained or kept a fortune, and lived in splendor? or would we have some date, some day put down when we yielded to the vile seduction of passion, and would we have the record say, that from that date we went on in a course of intemperance or debauchery to the end! Hold up the record, O tempted one! and tell me if thou would'st read such things there? would it not be

the fair story of a blameless youth, of an honored manhood, of a venerable old age? of integrity, of honesty, of fidelity to every holy band; of justice to the poor and weak, of mercy to the miserable, of beneficence to all men? would we not that good deeds, and outpoured blessings, and noble Christian honors, should fill the record? Mr. Mann, in his admirable report on education to the Massachusetts Legislature, gives an account of a judge in Prussia, who, after fourteen years upon the bench, became so persuaded that a neglected education was one of the most fruitful sources of crime, that, preferring the work of prevention to that of punishment, he resigned his office, with its salary and life-tenure, went to Switzerland, placed himself for three years under the instruction of the celebrated Pestalozzi, and then returned and took charge of an orphan school in Potsdam, where he has devoted his whole life, since, to the care of the neglected and destitute. He is a nobleman, has a large income, which he devotes to the welfare of the needy, and lives with his family, who cordially join him in the sacrifice,

in a style as simple as that of any of our respectable farmers or mechanics. Von Tink is his name, let it be sounded out to the furthest borders of the world! "What warrior," exclaims the noble-minded Secretary of the Board of Education—"What warrior, who rests at last from the labors of the tented field, after a life of victories; what statesman, whose name is familiar in all the courts of the civilized world; what orator, who attracts towards himself tides of men wherever he may move in his splendid course; what one of all these would not, at the sunset of life, exchange his fame and his clustering honors for that precious and abounding treasure of holy and beneficent deeds, the remembrance of which this good old man is about to carry into another world."

This indeed is looking at life from a point of view out of itself: and thus looking, who does not say, "when I am dead let some good record *be made of me!*" let it be said, 'he was a true man, he was a kind man: he helped the poor and the needy; he never intentionally wronged any one: he left a good example: he strengthened

the failing heart of virtue on earth : he venerated Religion, and gave in his firm decision for the cause of God : he knew that the world was passing away, and he lived at once for time and for eternity.' ”





CHERRY CANARY.

LINES PRESENTED WITH A CANARY BIRD.

BY A. L. SNELLING.



COME to thee, dear lady,
To breathe my humble strain,
To cheer thy hours of happiness,
And soothe thy hours of pain.
To chase the cloud of sadness,
Should it gather o'er thy brow,
And recall the smile of gladness,
Which sweetly decks it now.

When the earth is clothed with beauty,
And the heavens are all serene,
Then shall gush my richest melody,
In concert with the scene;
And when wintry winds are howling,
And all without is gloom—
My song shall tell of summer
Within thy pleasant room.

What though the power of language
To me may be denied,
I shall know thy voice, sweet lady,
From all the world beside.
For thy care and fond endearments,
I shall ever grateful prove;
And remain a willing prisoner,
While sheltered by thy love.

CHERRY CANARY.

— — —
ANSWER TO

“CHERRY CANARY.”

O WELCOME, welcome, pretty bird,
With thy joyous carolling;
Gladly will thy song be heard,
Bird of the golden wing.
I know thou leav'st a pleasant home
And gentle mistress too,
To stranger tones and hands to come,
And scenes to thee all new:

But place is nothing, pretty bird,
If love be present there,
If kindly words are only heard,
And smiles the faces wear;

To loving hearts and tender tones,
Pretty Cherry, thou hast come,
Where music, flowers, and prattling ones,
Will make a happy home.





NATIVE GENIUS
vs.
SELF - PROGRESS.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.*

I CAN conceive of nothing more deleterious to a general intellectual cultivation than the unchristian belief in the existence and influence of *native genius*. For myself I would as soon believe that Jupiter and all his subordinate gods and goddesses still held their lascivious empire in Olympus, as believe in the existence of that mysterious, well-educated, amiable little hobgoblin, known in these modern times by the title of *genius*. The tenacity with which the world still clings to some of the favorite chimeras of mythology has retarded the development of the intel-

* From an unpublished lecture.

lectual faculties of man to a lamentable extent. Say what they may, those who have upon their lips so often, the terms "*genius*," "*natural gifts*," "*native talents*," "*superior endowments*," "*born to command*," "*born to teach*," such persons are disseminating unconsciously the worst impressions of mythological superstitions. It is remarkable with what persevering ingenuity and by what curious inventions, by what graphic and fascinating demonstrations, these favorite tenets of heathenism are mixed, and modified, and reduced to the comprehension, and sweetened to the palate of infancy. For it is a melancholy fact, that this profane doctrine generally begins in the cradle and ends only in the grave.

In the development of his *physical* powers the youth finds everything plain and simple. He wants no teacher here. He has already learned from his own experience that everything here is the result of his industry and effort. When he coveted the little speckled eggs which the woodpecker had deposited at the very top of a tall, leafless, and limbless oak, he counted the cost of

the undertaking, and invoked the extraneous aid of no *genius* or *native talent*. The barefooted hero threw down his coat and hat, and went at it like Sisyphus. He "*squirmed*" up, as he called it, inch by inch, and when he was twenty feet from the ground and twenty feet from the top, he trusted himself to his own young sinews and to a common providence. He called upon no guardian angel or *happy stars*. And when the lad attained the goal and filled his pockets with beautiful little eggs, and then ran home exulting with a hundred rents in his clothes, and as many in his skin, and then made a necklace of his spoils and hung them around his own or his sister's neck; in all these feats he learned that everything is the result of action and effort, and that his physical capacity is no borrowed capital. If his sister points wistfully to a bright water lily in a neighboring pond, he is ready to play the Leander in the little Hellespont for it, and that without thinking of genius or native talent. By every day's experience he learns that in the tangible, common world, everything is achieved by the proper culti-

vation and exercise of his own physical powers. But in the intellectual world all is mystery and doubt—everything about the mind seems vague and inexplicable. An obstinate affectation of mythology, under the refined name of a *taste for the classics*, has filled all his books, and is perpetuated in the most inveterate impression of the public mind. * * * * * That essence of his being which alone makes him *man*, and like his God, he is in some measure dispossessed of, and is reduced to the alternative of doubting with Pythagoras whether his soul belongs to an angel or a brute, whether its powers are susceptible of cultivation, or whether their progress and development depend entirely upon such a supernatural interposition as once helped the impotent man into the pool of Siloam.

Let us now follow that youth to another scene, where every stroke of the pencil embodies a truth familiar to his experience. The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge, in Virginia. There are two or three lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to

that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting abutments, "when the moon and stars, sang together." The little piece of sky that is spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, though it is midday. It is a thousand feet from where they stand up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand.

The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel, where once the waters of a Niagara may have rushed in their fury. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads instinctively, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling of awe begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there and looked up with wonder to that everlasting arch. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their jack-knives are in their

hands in an instant. "What man hath done man can do," is their watchword, and fired with this noble spirit they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred tall, full grown men, who have been there before them. They are all satisfied with this exploit of physical exertion except *one*, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be given in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, *he* had been there and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with the great *father of his country*. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous feat, but as he

puts his feet and hands into these gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself, to his inexpressible exultation, a foot above every name that was ever chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain, and marks his ascent with larger initials and stronger hieroglyphics. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, and their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the last time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful

abyss, such a precipice as Gloster's son depicted to his blind father awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint from severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the haft. He can hear the voices but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands in the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions "that freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brother and sister, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipated his desire. He knows what yearnings come over the human heart when the King of Terrors shakes his sword at his victim, at any time or place. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's

hearth-stone. Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and then there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath and awaiting the affecting catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair. "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you. Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look *down*. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers! resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched

from below ! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone. The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has now made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees.

He must now cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is flickering out in his bosom ; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. A spy-glass below watches and communicates to the multitude every mark of that faithful knife. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade

is worn up to the last half inch. The boy's head reels, his eyes are starting from their sockets, his last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along down the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and then all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly 1000 feet the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. While he thus stands for a moment reeling, trembling, toppling over into eternity, a shout from above falls on his ear. The man who is lying with half his body projecting over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's shoulders, and a smothered exclamation of joy has burst from his lips. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes; half unclosing his eyes, and with a faint convulsive effort, the boy drops his arms through the

noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words God and mother on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. The hands of a hundred men, women, and children are pulling at that rope, and the unconscious boy is suspended and swaying over an abyss, which is the closest representation of eternity that has yet been found in height or depth. Not a lip moves while he is dangling there ; but when a sturdy Virginian draws up the lad and holds him up in his arms in view of the trembling multitude below, such shouting, such leaping for joy, such tears of gratitude, such thanksgiving, such notes of gladness as went up those unfathomable barriers, and were reiterated and prolonged by the multitude above, were alone akin to those which angels make when a straying soul comes back to God !

Let us now return to our young man, whom we have supposed to be contemplating the scene which has just occupied our imagination. He grasps in all the minutiae of this thrilling scene.

No tantalizing mystery perplexes him here. He understands it all. He follows the climbing boy ; he watches every motion of his knife. He counts every niche he makes, he feels the emergency of the moment, he appreciates the nature ~~and~~ necessity of his exertion. He sees that every gain he cuts costs its requisite effort. No guardian genius, no happy stars, no native talent, no extraneous aid softens that flinty rock or keeps his feet from falling. It is by the *exercise* and *economy* of his physical powers, under the blessing of a common providence, that he cuts his way up those eternal rocks. What *he did* perhaps his companions who were trembling below might have done.

* * * *

Let us return with him to the intellectual world. This indeed is the land of shadows and spirits. Here the whole host of classical hobgoblins meet him *ad limina*, and, like Æneas of old when he visited the land of shades, he feels himself out of his sphere, and *bashful* treads where he ought to feel *at home*. He is here

called to contemplate eminences to which mortals have been raised by *genius* or *native talent*, or *in-born gifts*. * * * *

Let us suppose, for instance, that our young man should become restless, while the fetters of this impression were being fastened around the capacities of his mind ; how it would make hundreds open their eyes and mouths wide with astonishment, if he should dare to give utterance to such sentiments, propositions, and queries as these. "You have shown me the pinnacle upon which your Homer stands. You say that he is your sovereign genius. Now show me the footprints of his ascents, show me the *implements* by which he scaled that eminence ; show me the proof, the probability, that *I*, or ten thousand others, living in the same age, placed in the same accidental circumstances, cultivating with the same persevering devotion the same *faculties* of the mind, might not have attained the same eminence. * * You tell me of the brilliant fictions which emanated from the imaginations of your Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare : tell me what was the cha-

racter of those accidents, the peculiarity of those circumstances which gave a determination to the exclusive cultivation and development of one or two faculties of their minds. You have shown them standing upon your hills and temples of fame; now show me them in the act of *climbing* thither. Let me see what kind of gains they cut in their rocky ascent, what shrubs they grasped at; what obstacles they encountered and surmounted by the most strenuous and persevering intellectual activity and effort. * * Show me the first essay of your Homer, in which his bungling *muse* tried to torture a few snatches of tradition into a brace of limping Alexandrines, in order to commend them to the ears of those who threw him a crust of bread for his pains. * * * Tell me what models for his plots and heroes he found in those stories of Grecian chivalry which reached back to the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah. Show me the patched shreds of sublimity which he stole from Job, Isaiah, and Habakkuk, to make a drapery for the pavilion of Jove. Show me the forgotten evidence of his design to make the mole-

hill of his Olympus emulate the mounts of Sinai and Zion. You tell me of the genius of your Demosthenes ; how the power of his eloquence stilled the tempests of boisterous thousands ; how the fascination of his rhetoric enchained the hearts of his enemies. Let me roll away the rock of his secret cavern, and see the weak, stammering, ungainly boy, engaged in the painful process of that mental cultivation and development which you call the proof of *native genius*. Let me see him in his cave at the midnight hour, standing with his mirror before his eyes, and with a naked sword suspended over his shoulders, to detect and avoid those ugly grimaces and gestures which distorted his face and form while speaking. Let me see how many gashes that suspended sword made in his shoulders before he could cure himself of those ungainly shrugs, which at first made him the butt of ridicule, even among his friends. Let me steal upon him while he is haranguing, while he is responding to the hoarse mouthed billows with imitations of the energy and vehemence of Isaeus,

blended with the splendor and elegance of Pericles, and the magnificent diction of Plato.

Praxiteles, * * * * * *

Dante, * * * * * *

Shakspeare, * * * * * *

These are the impressions which dog his footsteps through life, and keep him from tasting of the tree of Knowledge, as with the revolving sword which guarded the entrance of Eden. * *

I have borne their yoke in my youth. I know what a bondage they impose upon the intellectual soul. I have tasted and known what kind of sickness comes over a young man's heart, when his own consciousness confirms the half jeering intimations of friends, that he is no *native genius*, that he has no *natural talent*, &c. For twenty-one years, these impressions hung upon my neck like a millstone. Through all this period, I lay upon the ground in despair, and never dared to think of climbing the hill of Knowledge. But the first day of my majority, I celebrated by shaking off this tyrannizing thralldom. That memorable day was the date of my intellectual

existence. The nine years that have passed over my head since that auspicious hour, *are all the years of my intellectual life* ; and it is something less than I mean, when I say, I would rather have my countenance marred with ten thousand mementoes of the small-pox, than have my mind *pitted* over again with these pernicious impressions.

Young men ! let me give you a few thoughts to remember me by. I am now only a *boy*, but I may yet be a *man*. But, if I ever should **attain** any respectable intellectual eminence, and if I should then draw up the ladder after me, to prevent others climbing as high as *I* ; if I ever should tear away a single shrub, which I had grasped in my upward ascent ; if I should break off a jutting crag which had supported or rested my wearied feet ; if I should fill up a single gain which had been cut by **my** wasting blade, lest the world should know that I once stood on the ground ; if I should ever destroy any of my juvenile essays, lest the world should think that my maturer efforts were not inspired ; if I should

ever set myself up for a Genius, to overawe some modest, timid young man, who feels that he has scarcely half of a natural talent to help him on ; if I should do this, then let my name, and all the memories that I would leave in the hearts of the living, let them all rot in obloquy and oblivion !

“ Nascitur, non fit,” is a lie ! It was a heathen lie before the Christian era, and ever since that day, every page of human history, every revelation of reason and experience, has proved its falsity. When the Angel of the everlasting Gospel of God stretched the rainbow of hope and salvation through the heavens of the human soul, he found its murky depths *swimming* with these classical hobgoblins, these strange mythological phantoms ; and with one stroke of his seraph wing he swept them clean from that desecrated firmament, and bade man look up to a Heaven, unsullied with a cloud. When he set open the streams of salvation, he wrote with the pen of God the same *veniat* upon the fountain of knowledge, as he did upon its sister fountain of grace ; and that *veniat* shall stand till the end of

time, in characters illustrious as the sun. "Let him who thirsteth come! and whosoever will, let him come, and take of these waters without money and without price!"





THE OUTER AND THE INNER LIFE.

Translated from the German,

BY E. T. P. SMITH.



HIS—to the earth the soul will allure,

And nobler aspirings check :

That—elevates us to God, who is pure—

It exalts us a heaven to seek.

Say, is thy outermost life to thee bright ?

Or doth it all darksome appear ?—

O, friendlier rays, and fair and light

The inner life shows to thee clear.

Know'st thou a heart upon earth that for thee

Beats tender, and loving, and true ?

Then speak not of troubles that sad destiny

Brings o'er thee, though many or few.

Storms and rough billows roll over thy head,

And darkness envelopes thy sky—

The inner life to a sweet refuge will lead,

A sacred security.

Then let the Sabbath be ever kept holy
With the Brethren, thy worship present,
And him who displays sacred precepts before thee ;
O ne'er be thy worship pretence.

Those who the inner life holy will cherish,
Will find there a Faith and a Love :
From thence will a blessing descend that will flourish
Immortal, eternal, above.






IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

BY REV. E. PEABODY,

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E say, "It is a trifle, and of no consequence." Yet he who acts on this principle will find that it involves the sacrifice of all that is most valuable in life. Unimportant, because a trifle! Nay, not so. So far from it, all that is great in the world is great only by an accumulation of what is small. All greatness and all decay proceed a little at a time. The loftiest temple is reared brick by brick, and stone by stone, and its pillars fashioned stroke by stroke, all necessary—before the scaffoldings are thrown down, and the completed fabric shines in the morning sun. And when it decays, it is still in small things. One nail relaxes its hold, and

then another ; and one particle, and then another, slides from beneath the foundation, and the brick loosens in the cement, and the stone crumbles at the corner, and the glory of a state is in ruins. The loftiest elm that overshadows our rivers was once a minute seed, and it swelled and burst by little and little through the earth, and it became a twig which a school-boy's foot might have crushed, or a blade of grass have covered ; and it grew by an accretion of imperceptible atoms, till the twig became a trunk, and the trunk spread out its branches ; and in its branches the storms hung, and through them the lightnings played, while to its roots below the Indian moored his canoe. And an age has passed, and the savage has disappeared, and the forests have fallen, and the homes of a civilized nation risen on the hills around, and the river has flowed on, and sand by sand has wasted and worn the bank away by slow abrasion, and undermined the roots, till the glory of the surrounding wilderness has fallen into the stream it shaded. And that river itself, not long ago the winds took it up in parti-

Importance of Trifles.

cles of an insensible moisture from lakes and seas, and bore it in their bosom over coast and valley and mountain, till it was condensed into clouds, and fell in rain, and trickled in drops through the soil of the mountains, and collected in fountains, and flowed in a thousand and ten thousand rills, till, uniting together, they formed a river, which might float the burdened keels of half an empire. And the continent which it girdles, nay, the earth itself, is made up of minute parts, which the microscope and the crucible can hardly detect; and the earth is but the satellite of the sun, and the sun of a system of starry worlds, all made up of the same minutest parts, but bound up and governed by an all-Governing Power.

Thus, through the whole Providence of God, the large is but a combination of the small, and attention to the little is required, in order to secure what is great.

Let us consider the importance of trifles in connexion with particular cases. It must be re-

garded by one who would make a right use of time.

It is said that life is short, and men mourn over its brief course. To whom is life short? Here is a man who spends his mornings in planning what he never does, and his evenings in regretting what he has left undone; who by inertness and procrastination is committing a daily suicide. Doubtless to him life is short. It is so, for the same reason that the miser is poor—impoverished in the midst of plenty, because he will not use what he has.

With most men these unoccupied or listlessly occupied hours devoted to no definite end, make up a vast part of life. Do you value time?—life? Time is made up of these little parts. Your lives are measured by seconds. The circle of eternity itself is divided by the tickings of a clock. Gather up these fragments: they are parts of that life, so precious, that when endangered, you will sacrifice everything to save it. Gather up these golden sands, and weld them together in systematic exertions, and apply them to good purposes;

and though it be short, it shall be found long enough for all the true purposes of life.

Social usefulness is dependent on attention to small things. There is many a one who sincerely wishes to be useful. If it were necessary for the world's welfare, he would go a martyr to the stake. The feeling is real. How happens it that this man may go through life so naked of good deeds done purposely, that the writer of his epitaph shall hardly be able to find one such act in the record of years with which to consecrate his tombstone. Chiefly from the neglect of the great fundamental law of usefulness—that the greatest usefulness is but a combination of many small and seemingly trifling useful acts. He would be greatly useful. But his idea is, that this must be the result of some great effort or sacrifice. He waits till some emergency shall give him an opportunity to be a great benefactor of mankind. A thousand subordinate opportunities are passed by as unworthy of notice, and at the end he finds that he who neglects these, neglects all.

It was not *one great* act that has made men

raise Howard as on a shrine in the clear heavens, above the clouds and low level of common benevolence. When we read his life in an hour, it makes one impression on us, and it seems very much as if his works of benevolence cost but one effort and one self-denial. But it was not so. These efforts and self-denials were repeated daily, hourly, each in itself small, but the mass becoming immense by being repeated and accumulated and directed towards one great end. Each separate act was small—an hour's attention to this prisoner's condition, or that man's wants—a journey of fifty miles to-day, and of twenty to-morrow, here an expense of a trifling sum of money, there of thoughtfulness, and in another place of some bodily exertion. It was the repetition and accumulation of such acts, directed towards one great end, that finally made him the world's benefactor and the world's honor.

This is the way in which we must be useful, if useful at all. Setting before us some worthy and sufficient end, we must gather up the fragments of opportunity—must attend to trifling occasions

Importance of Trifles.

of usefulness—be content to do good a little at a time, and let the little increase by repetition to the large;—be content to proceed as all things do in God's Providence;—as the earth's vegetation—at first an insignificant seed, starting up and growing by imperceptible degrees and additions—first the blade, then the stalk, and the full corn in the ear, till a nation is provided with bread.

Still more strikingly is the immediate enjoyment which one gives to others, dependent on little things. Not always is one doing the most to increase the amount of human happiness, when he toils the hardest at his calling, or schemes the most successfully on the exchange. Useful and needful as these may be, there are other occasions of giving happiness, that lie all along the road of life. By the kind word to him who is friendless, by the hand stretched out to one in the hour of need, by common and gentle courtesies to those on whom the world looks coldly, sunshine is brought to many a face, and gloom scattered from many a heart; and that which was least, being done in a heavenly spirit, becomes greatest.

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water, yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite, than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which, by daily use,
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him, who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand,
To know the bonds of fellowship again ;
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

And so also is knowledge acquired ; not at
once and in masses, but slowly, fact by fact, page
by page, one experience and then another, here a
little and there a little in the course of years.

And all mental development comes not at once,
but slowly, by employing the mind actively on
the truths and occasions that come before it, as

bodily strength by exertion—as it is by degrees that the muscle acquires vigor, and the flesh firmness, and the whole frame power to act and endure.

So, also, in domestic life. Here is a world of homes. And in these homes are the roots of almost all virtues, and the substance of all human happiness. Whatever of happiness is enjoyed, or virtue exhibited, beyond the circle of domestic life, is little more than an offshoot from that life—rays proceeding from the central sun.

And what makes up the happiness of domestic life? Of course the foundation is principle, but this shows itself in small acts, small kindnesses, small concessions, small duties, each one in itself so insignificant as to be forgotten the next hour, or the next moment. Yet, small as they are, by being constantly repeated they fill up domestic life, they bring the happiness or the misery, the clouds or the sunshine, of a whole generation.

And so in the education of children. Parents do not leave impressions by one word or two, by one act or two, standing alone, but by an infinite

multitude. Each impression is by itself insignificant, but one prepares the way for another, and it is the combined power of all these ten thousand impressions that gives the final turn to the character. As you drive a bolt through massive timbers, blow by blow, and rivet it with a thousand strokes, so, by ten thousand successive impressions, you form, and bend, and unite together, the habits and tastes and principles of the character in the young.

Our sins and vices result generally, at first, from the neglect of trifling acts of duty, from the want of fidelity in little things. No one becomes bad at once. The habit of detraction and slander begins and grows with unkind remarks on the character of others, only enough to sharpen a phrase or point a sentence, each single one too insignificant to be regarded, till they result in making an individual a social pest.

And hardened selfishness is but the product of the successive violations of the common duties of kindness, each single one too small for observance. And all sins grow by these small additions,

these minute violations of duty, till they grow up into thick and mighty habits, throwing a baneful shade over the man and over society, as far as his influence reaches.

And he who is restored from evil ways, must pay regard to the same great principle. The chains of sin are not broken by a blow, but are unwound painfully, link by link, before the captive is free. Here must be an attention to trifles. The man must keep watch over his feelings, and a guard on his actions, and a restraint on his inclinations, and many a devout aspiration and many a fervent prayer must draw down quickening influences into his soul before he stands confirmed in the Christian character. And that character,—ascend as high as he will, the ascent beyond is by short steps—the brief steps of the ladder of the Patriarch's dream, from lowest earth to highest heaven.

Of course, it is not intended that man has nothing to do but to regard the little action that lies next before him. Far from it. And this brings to view one of the causes which make men con-

tern trifles.—Life is, or ought to be, made up of two parts. First, The conception of the general plan and end of life : and secondly, The active labor of filling up the parts of that plan. Every reasonable man must look forward—have some scheme of life, some main object to be gained, some high summit to be reached. This main object fills the circle of his vision, he dreams of it, it swells his imagination, warms his feelings ; to him it is vast and excellent, and it is not easy for him to descend from this state of mental exaltation to what appears the mechanical drudgery of filling up the details of this glorious vision—this laying of the bricks of the vast temple. And many have dreamed life away, dwelling on great schemes, but doing nothing. Both of these parts in a good man's life must be united. He must have some general plan and scheme of life ; and here the mind may take as large and liberal and high a sweep as it pleases. It must not, however, dwell passively here, but go on through the details. He is but half a man who omits either, and can live to no purpose but a bad one. The

lives of the Apostles furnish the right example. No scheme of life could be more vast than theirs. It surpassed the ambition of all earthly conquerors. It was to spread Christianity through the world, it was the greatest conceivable conquest—to conquer the soul of the world, to subdue the human mind to truth spoken in love. It was the sublimest object which ever entered into the heart of man. But to accomplish this, the Apostle had to descend at once to numberless minute details, whose greatness consisted in nothing but the spirit that prompted them, and in their being the parts of a great purpose. He preached at Antioch, and gathered a few converts. He taught in Athens, and gained hardly one. And one labor followed another, and one suffering another, and one success another, and all, united, only filled up the great scheme of life. But the Apostle could not have neglected these efforts. Nor is it permitted us to neglect the seemingly trifling things that have a bearing on human welfare.

No Christian can regard trifles as unimportant. Trifles!—as we term them—they make up the

universe. This earth, vast as it is, is composed of impalpable atoms. Yet each feels the power of a universal attraction—not one is passed over, and all are bound up by God into a world, and this world into a universe. And thus the trifles that make up our lives, when bound and built up together in the framework of a great purpose, make all that is great and good, as atoms make a world. Then common daily duties make up our lives, and become sacred and awful, because of the momentous results that depend on them. Performed or neglected, they are the witnesses that shall appear for or against us at the last day; and though, singly, they speak in faintest whispers, their collected voices shall swell into thunder-tones of approval or condemnation.





THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

BY REV. J. BANVARD,

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[AN intelligent and amiable young lady, of fine talents, the object of a widowed father's strong attachment, and who had passed through deep afflictions, was married to a young gentleman and then moved to the West. She there died, leaving an infant, which, in a short time, followed her to the grave. These facts will explain the allusions in the following lines.]



SAW a flower in beauteous bloom,
Its fragrance sweet, its colors fair;
At morning, evening, and at noon,
It offered its attractions rare.

Rude storms and tempests on it fell,
Yet still it did not droop and die;
As if sustained by fairy spell,
It reared its lovely head on high.

But soon, alas ! a stranger came,
And from the bush he tore the flower,
Then on the leaves he wrote his name,
Rejoicing in the blissful hour.

I looked upon the stem he broke ;—
I saw it weep for what was gone ;
From the fresh wound a tear flowed forth—
The symbol of attachment strong.

The stranger loved this pretty flower,
And bore it carefully away,
And often in a dreary hour
It served to drive his gloom away.

When many months had rolled around,
Again I saw this beauteous flower,
'Twas thriving well in western ground,
Protected by the stranger's power.

Its fragrant odors, pure and sweet,
Were wafted by the zephyrs far,
Diffusing health and joy complete,
Though uncontrolled by magic star.

Again I looked,—that flower was gone !
A bud was left upon the spot ;
Alas ! that ere the morrow's dawn
That bud of promise, too, was not.



PRUDENCE.

BY REV. DR. SHARP.

BOSTON.

THERE is great diversity in human character. Some persons yield themselves entirely to the influence of circumstances ; others control and make circumstances subservient to their own purposes. Some receive almost all their impressions from without, and especially from the company with which they are surrounded. They are moved hither and thither by the most contrary external influences. Now they seem to be under the direction of the pious ; and now again they are led away by the persuasions and example of the irreligious. They are amiable and obliging, but their very amiabi-

lity not being connected with firmness, exposes them to great inconsistencies of conduct.

Others are strong from within. Their own reflections ; their own intuitive sense of duty ; their own calm and settled purposes become law to them, from which they are not to be moved by the shifting incidents which flit before them. When this firmness is associated with gentleness, and this inflexibility of principle is found in union with a disposition to please and to serve others, these are the elements of true excellence of character.

The consequences of the imprudence and the prudence, growing out of these different habits, are such as might be expected. Imprudence is disastrous to peace of mind, to self-respect, to reputation, to worldly prospects, and to usefulness. Prudence attracts less attention and observation than imprudence ; but it infuses "the soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy," and it ultimately elevates the individual from obscurity to deserved respect. It secures for him the confidence and regard of the community in

which he moves, and his "path is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The imprudent are inconsiderate. They do not pause to think for themselves. They too readily believe the plausible representations of others; and if there be an enticement which promises gratification to their senses, they surrender their better judgment to the indulgence.

Not so the prudent. "He looketh well to his goings." He ponders on the nature of his actions. He examines their connexions and consequences. He judges for himself. He looks at the results. He scans the future. In thought, he places himself where the streams of forbidden pleasure would convey him; and, shuddering and abashed at the prospect, he determines to resist temptation.

It is important not to be mistaken on this subject. Prudence is not management—nor secret contrivance. It is not that non-committalism which leads persons of the most opposite opinions to suppose, that your views and theirs coincide.

This is selfishness and duplicity, not prudence. *Cunning*, and *not* prudence, is the proper name, for thus being all things to all men. And, moreover, it is a narrow and short-sighted policy, almost sure to end in disappointment, and to overwhelm him who practises it with mortification and shame.

Prudence is perfectly compatible with a manly and temperate avowal of our principles and opinions. No one, in fact, is respected the less, but the more, for the independent utterance of his views on all subjects; if he be not rude, but respectful.

But what is prudence? It is wisdom reduced to practice. It is the employment of the best means for the accomplishment of the best ends. It is a conformity to the rules of reason, truth, and decency, at all times and in all circumstances. He who is prudent is circumspect as to his words and actions. He considers the consequences of what he says and does. Prudence teaches him *when* and *how* to speak, when to be silent, when to be grave, and when to be cheerful. It teaches

him where he may go, and what he should shun ; and as there is a time for everything, prudence chooses the proper time to do or say that, which, if done or said at another time, would be improper. It regulates the behavior towards individuals according to their age, their character, and their relationship. Prudence will lead a person habitually to regard what is decorous or indecorous in his intercourse, whether he is with his juniors or seniors ; whether he is with those who have conferred favors upon him, or with those on whom he has conferred favors. Prudence is, in a word, "the observance of whatsoever things are lovely and of good report."

This prudence is needful to the young, in regard to their choice of associates and pursuits. If their friendship is solicited, or they are invited to circles of companionship, prudence will induce each one to inquire : Can I, in view of my position in society, my obligations to my parents, and my avowed principles, form such a friendship, or mingle in such scenes with propriety and safety ? What would be their influence on my character and

prospects? Should I, by participating in the pleasures of others, bring my own principles into honor or reproach? Should I confirm or disappoint the hopes of my friends? What would the wisest and best of them advise, were they to be consulted? Such inquiries could not fail to give a wise and happy direction to his conduct. And it is not enough that the young are virtuous. If they would be truly happy and respected, they must not only be virtuous but discreet. But how is discretion to be attained? This is an important inquiry, because many, supposing it to be a natural gift, and to come to individuals, independent of their personal efforts, are contented to be without it. They speak of their judicious friends as being peculiarly fortunate, and of their own indiscretions with leniency, as owing to some constitutional defects. Thus, they envy others and excuse themselves. But their conclusions in both cases are incorrect. It is true, that physical and mental causes may make it more difficult for some to be prudent than others. Persons of a cold temperament find it more easy to be prudent,

than those who are ardent and inflammable. There is also a difference in the perceptions of individuals. Some seem to have an inherent, delicate sense of what is proper ; others seem to have no such perception, and are constantly violating the rules of propriety. Nevertheless, with the blessing of God on their own forethought and caution and effort, all may be prudent, if they please. But none can be so, except by a careful consideration of their relations and duties. Let the young, therefore, be persuaded to endeavor to understand the laws of their own physical, intellectual, and moral natures. Seriously consider the claims which others have upon you. Be attentive observers of what rouses and what lulls the passions. Ascertain by reflection what it is that goads men to madness ; and what it is that wins them to justice and reason. Study to have clear and comprehensive views of the great principles of equity, justice, and kindness, so as to know how to apply them to the minutest details of every-day life. Rely on these principles. Never swerve from them. They will never fail you.

Adherence to them may sometimes subject you to serious inconvenience, but this very trial of your faith will benefit you. It will give vigor and stability to the true and lofty principles which govern you, and throw a mellow and cheering radiance over your whole character. Remember, that prudence will never be acquired unless you admire and act on the principle, that "better is the end of a thing than the beginning."

The reasons why the young should acquire habits of prudence are so numerous and important, that to do justice to them, one might fill a volume. They would escape numberless calamities into which the imprudent fall. As prudence will preserve them from extravagances of speech, from irregularities of conduct, and from improper attachments and connexions, so it will save them from the mishaps, disappointments, regrets, and mortifications, to which many by these follies have doomed themselves for life. On the other hand, no one virtue is more lovely in itself, in a young person, than prudence. It gives a lustre to his other estimable qualities. It gives weight to his

opinions, and a steady and beneficial influence to his example. The young look up to him as their guide ; and even the old listen to his suggestions with respect.

Prudence is conducive to domestic and neighborhood peace. By his judicious advice, a prudent man will prevent the occurrence of difficulties ; and when they exist, he will, by his conciliatory advice, contribute to their removal. A character for prudence will give a person more influence, and deservedly so, than will either talents or riches or office. Here, then, it is seen, that true dignity and extensive usefulness are attained by walking in the path of sound wisdom and discretion. Prudence, indeed, is not religion. But prudence is one of her most useful attendants, as she is one of her brightest ornaments.

In regard to this life, prudence exerts a most benign influence on the temporal prospects of a youth. It guards him from rash experiments and hazardous enterprise. He moves slowly but surely : and as he is not hasty to be rich, so riches do not come hastily. But he holds what he

has, and gains more. And ultimately, with a good conscience, he possesses abundance. It was said long ago that "a Prudent man shall stand before kings." Many are the recorded instances in Scripture of this truth. Joseph was raised to high eminence by his prudence. He was a slave in Egypt, yet his known and eminent discretion gave him favor in the sight of Pharaoh, the king, who said to this seemingly unfortunate youth; "As there is none so discreet and wise as thou art, thou shalt be over my house, and according to thy word shall my people be ruled. And he took off his ring and put it upon Joseph's hand; and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck, and made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and commanded that obeisance should be paid to him." Here were the unsought and unexpected triumphs of prudence.

Nor was the cause of David's elevation very dissimilar. With other interesting qualities, it was his prudence when a youth which attracted the attention of one of Saul's courtiers, and was

the means of his becoming a resident in Saul's palace, and ultimately his successor. The truth is, whether persons themselves are prudent or not—they deem it of the first importance, that they who hold places of responsibility under them, should be prudent. They may dispense with mere shining attainments, but prudence is indispensable.

There is another illustration of this virtue in Scripture, not less interesting and encouraging.

In the most trying exigencies, although a young man, Daniel was profoundly prudent. While in his captivity, he maintained a conscience void of offence, by openly worshipping his Maker; and his courage never forsook him, but enabled him to reason with the proud despot of Assyria without dismay; yet he was respectful and conciliatory. Bland and submissive in manner, yet he was immovable in principle; so that his enemies were constrained to say, that "he had in him the spirit of the most holy gods." The result was, that after a few severe trials, he gained the confidence of the Babylonish monarch; and al-

though a foreigner, he was raised to the high eminence of being the second man in the kingdom. So it often happens. There are so few thoughtful and prudent men, that those who are so have a more than common prospect of worldly dvancement and success.

And in regard to a future world, prudence exerts both directly and indirectly, a more powerful influence in forming its possessors for it, than is generally supposed. By its open-eyed vigilance, its minute circumspection and self-restraint, it preserves them from many faults of temper and aberrations of conduct, into which others fall. And it contributes largely to the attainment of that excellence of character, which constitutes "meetness for the inheritance of the Saints in light." It is not therefore surprising that the Holy One himself should say :—"He that offereth praise glorifieth me : *and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God.*"—Ps. l., 23.



“GUARDIAN ANGELS.”

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE TWIN INFANTS OF THE LATE MRS. MASON,
DAUGHTER OF AMOS LAWRENCE, ESQ.

BY E. T. P. SMITH,

SWEET cherubs! life before thee now
Shows an unwritten page:
We know not what the blank will show
Through change of future age;
Yet, precious thought, the recording pen,
By angels all unseen
Is held, who will with heavenly ken
Thy path in mercy screen.

How blest the hope to mortals given,
That ministering angels wait,
And, from the face of God in Heaven*
Behold this earthly state—

* *Matt. xviii. 18.*—Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in Heaven.

To minister, to comfort, bless,
The erring to restore,
The orphan and the motherless,
To guard with holy care.

'Mid the heart-rending griefs of life
To soothe with thoughts of peace ;
In waywardness and worldly strife
To bid the tumult cease.
Over the sorrowing heart to bend
With tears of sympathy,
And in the darkest hour to lend
Aid from the courts on high.

The invisible, mysterious ones
That link the spirit-land,
With gentle ministrations come
And gifts from God's right hand ;
With faith, and hope, and peace, and love,
And tender mercy too ;
Around our path they ever move,
To our best interest true.

Sweet children, round your life, methinks
A *mother's* spirit waits ;
Such holy spell—such precious links
God's gracious word permits :

Then, blessed dears, may thoughts of such
A ministering One from Heaven,
In future years beguile of much
By earth and sorrow given.

Remember ye that spirit eyes
Are yearning o'er your path,
And, winging from the upper skies,
A ministering angel hath
A watch-care o'er your future fate,
A guard of secret love,
To circle round this earthly state—
To lead the soul above.

And as ye hsp at morn and eve
Soft prayers to God in Heaven,
May angel eyes look down in love
And happy thoughts be given.
When earthly scenes are past and gone,
Oh, then, in realms above,
Will in its blessedness be known,
The *Guardian Angel's* love.





FOURTH OF JULY THOUGHTS.

AN ADDRESS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

BY REV. WM. HAGUE.

Let us not be weary in well-doing.



AMIDST the excessive heat of our American summers, when all of us are disposed to yield so much to weariness and languor, the recurrence of our great National Anniversary brings with it a genial and enlivening influence, adapted to rouse us to sober thought, to grateful recollections of the past, and to becoming resolutions for the future. It is well—it is a good “sign of the times,” that the popular mode of celebrating the Fourth of July has undergone a gradual change; that instead of having our whole attention engaged by military parade, by the roar of musketry, by shouts and

feasts and martial music, we are greeted by sights and sounds more in accordance with the pursuits of peace, the spirit of religion, and with our character as a mighty people, having a great work to do for mankind : that our eyes are gladdened by vast processions of youth, some bearing flowers and garlands, marching under the banner of the Sunday School or the cold-water army, and by large associations of men formed to promote useful arts, industry, or general knowledge. These changes indicate an increase of intelligence, a refinement of taste, and an improvement of public opinion. On the score of Temperance alone, the celebration of our national birth-day has more of real joyousness and dignity than it had a few years ago. Now, mothers and wives hail its return more gladly, for they have less fear of seeing their sons and husbands "overcome," as it is confessed they often were, when met in honor of their country's independence. Now, our public feasts, presided over by our civil magistracy, are not contaminated as they once were, by Bacchanalian orgies, and permit

men of sobriety to be present, less subject to pain or shame. Now, our manners are approaching more nearly to the simplicity of patriarchal times, when angels ate with men, and all were cheerful, without inebriating cups.

So, when angelic forms to Syria sent,
Sat in the cedar shades by Abraham's tent,
A spacious bowl the admiring patriarch fills,
With dulcet water from the scanty rills;
Sweet fruits and kernels gathers from his hoard,
With milk and butter piles the plenteous board,
While on his heated hearth his consort bakes
Fine flour, well-kneaded in unleavened cakes.
The guests ethereal quaff the liquid flood,
Smile on their hosts and taste terrestrial food;
And while from Seraph lips sweet converse springs,
They lave their feet, and close their silver wings.

The improvement in public taste and feeling of which we speak, is to be attributed to the blessing of God on various agencies. The promulgation of the gospel is the primary spring of all wholesome, reforming influences. It gives tone to the moral nerve of a community, and imparts

life to the spirit of philanthropy. Then, more immediately, every institution which has tended to cultivate the mind, to foster a love of knowledge, to diminish the taste for coarse and low amusements, to promote social reform and the spirit of religion; every Temperance Society, every Lyceum, and every Library association, may claim a share of honor in achieving this result. But in the front-rank of these institutions, and pre-eminent among them, is one, whose influence has been the most noiseless, constant, and persuasive; whose teachings have dropped as the rain, and distilled as the dew, like the gentle showers on the grass, and the small rain on the tender herb, and which has already stamped a peculiar character on the generation which is now in its prime of manhood and activity. As a people, we owe much to the Sabbath School, and may hope for more from it than from any other existing association which has a human origin. Subordinate to the gospel, it is the great Reformer of the times. It is quiet, but mighty; it is slow, but sure. Its operation is analogous to that of

God's great agencies in nature ; -like the silent frost which arrests and binds the floods ; like the warmth of spring which penetrates the frozen earth and makes vegetation bloom afresh ; or like the light, which, in dispelling the nightly gloom, slowly proceeds from a faint glimmering ray that is hardly perceptible, to all the splendors of a mid-day effulgence.

The same remark applies to every one of God's great institutions in the moral world. Look for instance at the FAMILY. Its origin is divine. "God setteth the solitary in families." Its operation is not noisy or striking, but gentle and efficient. Like the law of gravitation, it binds everything to its proper centre. Thus it is with the SABBATH. It is the day which God has hallowed, although of this there is no outward sign in nature. It is ushered in as quietly as any other day of the week ; but its moral influence nourishes the root of every virtue, gives vigor to every plant in the "garden of the Lord," and neutralizes those elements of destruction which would make it a barren waste. Thus it is, too,

with THE CHURCH. In itself considered, it has nothing about it showy or imposing. Its constitution is very simple. It is a voluntary association of good men to do good, by obeying the laws of God. It has no sword or sceptre, and in its pure state abhors all alliance with thrones or governments. Its only fitting means of action are truth and love ; but with these, its influence is like the salt which spreads through some corrupting mass, restoring life and healthfulness.

To guard against this weariness in well-doing, of which Paul speaks, let us look for a few moments at some of its *common causes*. Of these I mention

1. A proneness in human nature to a state of mental discontent. This disposition may be justly regarded as an epidemic disease of our poor fallen humanity. It is shown to be so by the whole history of individual and social man. Place him where you please, surround him with the brightest scenes, heap upon him all the gifts of fortune, and grant him all the means of enjoyment which the earth affords, yet how soon does

possession render the whole insipid! How soon does he long for something different :—

That cruel something unpossest,
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.

This tendency of the mind which is so universal, which historians and poets have observed in others and felt in themselves, is a proof of the soul's moral derangement. It indicates our immortality, but at the same time, that the ruling spirit within us jars against the sweet chime of nature's laws. It is the effect of sin, a disorder of the heart, which, turning away from the true object of love, and worshipping the creature rather than the Creator, is ever restless, ever crying, "Who will show me any good?"

Religion is the only antidote to this. It fixes the heart on a new centre, fills it with new affections, and in the service of Christ, presents a range of objects sufficient to engross its noblest energies. But discontent, that old malady of the mind, is ever at work as an antagonist principle to pall the influence of religion, and is at war not only with our happiness as men, but with our

efficiency as Christians. An individual of active mind contemplates with delight some plan of usefulness ; it seems to be admirably formed, and he anticipates cheering results. He enters upon it with eagerness. He means well, and for a while does well. But ere long some discouragements arise which he did not expect : they make a demand upon his self-denial, his patience, his diligence, and behold, instead of meeting that demand, his hands hang down, and he sighs for some plan of doing good unencumbered with any difficulties. But can he find it ? As well might he look for a perfect climate to suit an invalid, for sky and air, always serene and bland, without a chilling blast or sickly exhalation. Such Edens have been sought by many a wealthy vagrant, **but** have existed only in the realm of imagination.

This habit of the mind must be wrestled with, it is such a bane of piety, and so destructive to force of character. He who cannot get the better of it cannot "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." He will be impatient of all feel-

ing of responsibility. He cannot bear to think that he has a post assigned him, and that there is a necessity of his keeping it. A sense of obligation goads him. When the hour arrives for the assembling of the Sabbath School, or the assembling of the Church for her appropriate business, he wishes to feel that it matters nothing whether he be there or not ; that everything will move on as well *without him*, and that he can go where he lists. On this supposition he acts ; and certain it is that no one can be of much avail to any active association, who recoils from all sense of responsibility, who does not regard his presence with it as having any importance, and who, as the Prophet would express it, pulleth away his shoulder, and refuseth to bear, like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke.

2. Akin to this evil tendency is another cause of weariness in well-doing—namely, a cultivated taste for novelties. Constituted as we are with the love of what is new, it is right to gratify it, if it do not lead us to give up what is old and of tried worth for what is strange and uncertain.

Then it becomes mere fickleness, makes the mind whimsical, corrodes its moral elements, shakes all its purposes, destroys the grounds of confidence in character, and causes a man to become habitually double-minded and unstable in all his ways. When such a process is completed, a man will be mocking himself with vain crosses, and others with vain pretensions. The proper symbol of his genius would not be "Industry with a lamp burning before her, but Caprice with a monkey sitting on her shoulders." In his case much will be tried, yet nothing done effectually. This principle rules in the bosoms of that class of inquirers, writers, and talkers on religion, who are "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Paul in his journeyings often met with lion-hearted men, and grappled successfully with their opposition, for, with all the roughness of their mould, there was some substance to receive an impression of the truth; but when he stood amidst the devotees of novelty on Mars' Hill, he seemed to be really baffled, and to have soon given them up in despair. The wise men of

Athens in that day had not sufficient sobriety of soul or steadiness of purpose to examine the new religion and to discern its real excellence.

May you (especially at this season of the year, when our faculties are so prone to droop), in view of the grandeur of your work, and the obstacles which beset it, be gifted with the needed grace of self-denial for your Master's sake, and a state of "high resolve" to subordinate all your plans and powers to the promotion of his cause. General desires to do good, or to get good, will not much avail. There must be a plan of action, and a resolution to pursue, or else, difficulties will appal, or temptations will allure, or torpor will benumb the soul. But where there is piety at the outset, and where that is concentrated in a fixed and hearty decision to regard Christ's glory as the guiding star of his course, the Christian gains fresh strength as he proceeds; and like the skilful pilot, who, standing at the helm on a stormy night, making *progress* his single aim, causes those winds and waves which would terrify the irresolute, to speed him on his way to his destined port.



THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY REV. H. WINSLOW.

How fleeting and changing is Time!



ALREADY are the youthful and merry dances of Spring succeeded by the sober step of grey Autumn. Another year has passed its season of youth and manhood, and is fast descending to the great tomb of time. How soon—how very soon shall we mortals have done for ever with this world! It is a thought that has pressed heavily upon reflecting minds of every age. The great Lyrist of Venusia often adverted to it with inimitable sweetness and elegance: and so deeply were the sentiments of human frailty and vanity impressed upon his spirits, that even while sitting at the royal banquet of Augustus, Virgil being seated on the

other side, the Emperor is said to have exclaimed, *Ego sum inter suspiria et lacrymas*—"I am sitting between tears and sighs."

Yet Horace was a follower of Epicurus. He derived no other inference from the brevity and shortness of life, than that it is wise to fill the cup and intoxicate with pleasure as fast as possible, since all will so soon be over ! O had that fine intellect been illumined by the light, and sanctified by the grace of Christianity—but I forbear. If ever my spirit sighs, it is when I think of such minds descending to the tomb in the darkness and corruption of Pagan night.

As a specimen of the operations of his mind upon the shortness and vanity of life, I have selected the following ode.

For the use of the English reader, as well as for the purpose of consecrating the sentiments to a higher end than was contemplated by the poet, I have made the following free translation, and applied the whole to a Christian purpose.

Stern winter hides his frowning face,
His frost dissolves again ;

Soft spring steps forth with gentle grace,
And smiles upon the plain.

The rivers burst their icy bands,
The birds resume their song ;
The laughing Nymphs, now joining hands,
Dance merrily along.

Ah ! fleeting are the scenes of earth :
How swift the moments fly !
Scarce do they spring to joyous birth
Ere they begin to die.

While Spring breathes sweetly from the north
Burnt Summer hastens on ;
Then Autumn pours his bounty forth,
And Lo ! the year is done.

The beauties of the vernal sky
Shall hastening moons restore ;
But in the dust vain man must lie
To rise and bloom no more.

The choicest blessings earth can give,
For transient use were made :
'Tis but a fleeting day we live,
Then turn to dust and shade.

Learning nor rank nor pious tears,
Nor beauty's sweetest charms,
When stern relentless death appears,
Can snatch us from his arms.

Haste then, ye mortals, and secure
A treasure in the sky ;
For that alone will still endure
When time and nature die.





AN AUTUMN THOUGHT.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

AUTHOR OF "VIEWS A-FOOT."



THE arches high the forest's golden ceiling
And hides the heaven of blue,
Save where a dim and lonely ray is stealing
The twining branches through.

Here, mossed with age, stands many a grey old column,
That props the mighty hall;
Naught breaks the silence, undisturbed and solemn,
Save when the dry leaves fall.

The world's annoyings to the wide air flinging,
Alone I tread its floor:
What joy, to feel a purer thought upspring,
Within the wood once more!

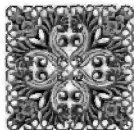
Here the good angels that my childhood guarded,
Come to my side again,
And by their presence is my soul rewarded
For many an hour of pain.

The Summer's beauty, by the frost o'ershaded,
May be with sadness fraught,
Yet, wandering through her long pavilions faded,
I read a joyous thought.

Hopes that around us in their beauty hover,
Fall, like this forest-rain ;
But, the stern Winter of Misfortune over,
They mount and shine again !

The spring-like verdure of the heart may perish
Beneath some frosty care,
But many a bud which Sorrow learned to cherish,
Will bloom again as fair.

Keep but the artless and confiding spirit
That looked from Childhood's eye,
And Life's long pathway will for thee inherit
A bliss that cannot die !





ANECDOTE OF FREDERIC THE GREAT.

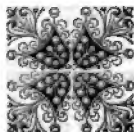
Translated from the French.

BY E. T. P. S.

FREDERIC the Great, informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man very learned and religious, determined that the one who should succeed him should not have less learning and merit, and with this view he employed the following means to assure himself of the talents of one of the many competitors who presented themselves :—he told the candidate that he would himself furnish him the following Sabbath at the moment when he should preach at the royal chapel a text, from which he must be able on the spot to compose a sermon. The ecclesiastic accepted the proposition. The news of such a singular test was soon spread abroad,

and at an early hour the royal chapel was filled with a great number of auditors.

The king arrived at the conclusion of the prayers, and at the moment when the candidate rose to preach, one of the aides-de camp of his majesty presented him a sealed paper. The preacher opened it, and found there nothing written : but in this critical moment his presence of mind did not desert him ; but, turning the paper on all sides, he said, “ My brethren, it contains nothing, it contains nothing : from nothing God created all things ;” he then delivered an admirable discourse upon the works of creation.





SPRING.

BY MRS. E. T. P. SMITH.

To him, who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.—*THANATOPSIS.*



CAROLS greet the sun's first beam,
Wild sweet notes, a matin hymn ;
And springing grass,
Bursting leaf and budding flower,
Verdant dale and fragrant bower,
In beauty pass.

Merrily ring the bridal bell,
Bring ye flowers from the dell,
Spring is love's
Its light clouds, its witching hours,
Its green pathway strewn with flowers,
Earth's joyful pastime.

Let the dying, too, behold
Nature's beauties now unfold
To cheer and bless ;

Speaking thus of endless bloom,
Radiant, bright beyond the tomb,
'Twill soothe to peace.

Weep ye not now for the dead,
Spring flowers bloom above their head,
Gift from above ;
Visit ye the tranquil glade,
Where the cypress casts its shade
O'er those we love.

Mourning heart, by sorrow crushed,
Let thy anguish there be hushed,
List nature's voice ;
The flower dies, yet springs anew ;
So the dear dead, immortal, true
In heaven rejoice.

Bow * of hope from God, all hail !
Thou appearest, no seasons fail,
This the promise was ;
Trust we then with confidence,
Him by whose omnipotence
All seasons pass.

* Written at the time of a shower and rainbow.



A BEAUTIFUL TRUTH.

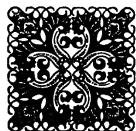
Translated from the French.

BY E. T. P. S.

THE soul of man is not confined like the animal, within the limits of this terrestrial globe. It may quit the visible for the invisible, and, disengaging itself from matter, it may lose itself in contemplation of the Infinite. There is our superiority ; there, then, *only* do we find the great principle of our being, the basis of our moral nature, the ultimate *why*, the final *how* of our fleeting existence. Truth shows up the immaterial world ; it is the flambeau of another life, which throws its light on this.

Thus our thoughts are attracted to this unknown world by the necessities even of our terrestrial existence. God has placed here the sources of truth

and of virtue, with the revelation of a better life !
The study of these glorious phenomena composes
what Socrates called the important science.





SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

BY MRS. T. P. S.

The path of sorrow and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrows are unknown ;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.

Cooper.



WHEN riches take them wings and fly—
When hopes grow bright to fade and die—
How precious then those treasures laid
Where hopes will never, never fade !
To the bright realms beyond the tomb,
Where moth and rust can never come,
We raise our souls from earth, and see
“ The uses of adversity. ”

When sickness makes the vigorous weak—
Dims the bright eye and pales the cheek—
Ah! then we feel how frail we are—
God's aid we seek—to him repair—

And sweet we find, on bended knee,
"The uses of adversity."

When death takes from us one we loved—
One that 'mid home's dear circle moved—
O, then our thoughts with anguish riven,
From sorrow's depths ascend to heaven—
And the sweet link that binds us there,
Circling our hearts, sweet peace will bear;
We look to heaven through tears, and see
"The uses of adversity."





A VISION OF COMMON SENSE.

BY HAZEN J. BURTON.

"Who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like these?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blooms? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah! what shall language do?——"

DOWN here upon the green hillside, in the
cooling shades of this centennial oak,
alone, will I cast myself. I will spurn
from my thoughts, and, for a time at least,
forget the contemptible farce which by courtesy
is called life. Yonder vainly glorified city, an-
chored fast to the everlasting hills by its iron
roads, open by the highways of ocean to all the
world! Consider its architectural magnificence;

its wealth in money and merchandise ; its vaunted history ; its inflated hopes ! Consider its toiling multitudes ; its starving poverty ; its blackest sin ! What is its virtual condition ? The enveloping dust and smoke, suspending that sable cloud between it and the overarching sky, is but a faint type of the moral murkiness that enshrouds its spirit and divides it from the righteousness of the everlasting heavens. From hence go on and add city to city and land to land, and you but multiply nefarious deeds and broad-cast iniquity. Look deep into the organizations of social life, turn out its vanities and corruptions, and behold them well ! How terrific the thought, that the fanciful flowery imaginings, the benevolent heart-felt desires, the deep thoughts of wisdom, and the holiest hopes of heaven, may be all wasting away from the possession of the soul in this seething process of artificial life. But away, begone, base demon visages that thus lay wait for my inmost life ! Alone, amid nature's brightest scenes, I will indulge in dreams with which one could eschew the world and live a hermit's life. * *

A manly form of middle age in simple garb reclines by my side. No preying disease has ever gnawed at his heart. No affrights, anxieties, or fevers have ever bleached his dark brown locks. No withering cares have laid their furrows upon his noble brow. No privations or toil have bowed his full developed figure. Here is man's full ideal, in beauty and majesty almost divine. He will speak ! It must be the voice of wisdom that breathes from these lips. Hush ! let us hearken to this man :—

“ Brother, I know thy thoughts, and thy yearning desires. I sympathize with that spirit which is dissatisfied with the evils in the world, which cry to high heaven for vengeance.”

“ Society as now organized teems with evils. They are found in business, in the Church, by the fireside at home, in the streets, and abroad in the world. It is but a short-sighted philosophy that recognises such evils as principles in the natural construction of society. There is no design in their admission, they have by right no place, and must be driven hence.”

"Behold the broad variegated face of this noble earth; its restless rolling oceans, its smooth glassy lakes, its winding rivers, its green meadows, its undulating hills, and towering mountains. Its verdure, flowers, foliage, and fruits; these fashioned into beautiful landscapes, furnishing bright dwelling-places for the varied abodes of man."

"Consider again the providences of God, in his creations and adaptations, to induce his creatures to live so as to attain to the greatest good even in this world. There is no natural provision for war, and direful consequences follow in its track. All men were made free and equal, and if a part are enslaved, the other part degenerate and will become extinct. The fruitfulness of the earth cannot be calculated or conceived, a single one of its fertile valleys can be made to produce food sufficient to feed the whole human race, and yet famine is known. This is the work of the generations of mistaken men, shrouded in their impenetrable selfishness. Let there be but the free commercial intercourse among all nations that personal interest would dictate, untrammelled by

artificial regulations, and the curse of famine could not exist. The eternal statutes of the Creator are not easily repealed by the narrow policy of mortal legislators. The greatest good of every individual member of society is to be found in the general welfare of the whole. Consequently, so long as men are actuated by selfish motives, there is a constant competition and turmoil in life."

"Thus, great evils are known throughout the world, and they all exist without excuse ; but it should rejoice thy heart that there is a redeeming spirit that is slowly and surely working out redemption."

"Thy ideas of a greater good than the world has yet known, are not visionary, but are founded in everlasting truth. Be not disheartened ; let but the greater evils that brand their black curses over the earth be dispersed, and the lesser ones follow. This, then, is thy work. If thou hast comprehended anything of the eternal law of justice and truth, there plant thy foot and proclaim it to the world fearlessly and boldly. In God's

eternal arrangements, no individual act or effort is lost. It may be 'bread cast upon the waters,' or 'seed sown upon good ground.' 'The increase is from above.' As the grain of mustard-seed grows to bear the 'birds of heaven,' as the particle of leaven 'leaveneth the whole lump,' so shall all positively virtuous efforts expand and bear downwards all negatively opposing evil. Thus shall the work of renovation go on until myriads of the human brotherhood shall cover the unreclaimed hills and glades, and the whole earth shall be subdued to offer its oblations of plenty, freely for the service of man."

"Go back now, my brother, and patiently perform thy duty in the world, and thy reward shall be greater than can now be imagined. When discouraged and about to despair, remember that I am not, and I never can be but the figment of a vision, if it is not through thy efforts that my age is produced to the world. When that age shall come, great will be the satisfaction of all those through whose lives it will dawn upon the world."

Thus ended, not exactly a supernatural vision, but a train of reflections, such as may proceed from the plainest common sense. The moral :—

It has pleased God to make men his instruments in subduing the earth and renovating society. Let no one, in any sphere of life, deem his duties puerile, for upon his faithfulness may depend the progress of the world.



24/ The Silver Moon



THE HARVEST MOON.

BY ELIZA T. P. SMITH.



THE Harvest Moon! how beautiful!

Shining o'er land and sea—
On city, village, hamlet, dale,
On flower, and bush, and tree;
Reflecting in the limpid wave
Its beauteous silvery sheen—
And on the bank the waters lave
In flowery traces seen.

How many glad, welcoming eyes
Gaze up, thou Harvest Moon,
And hail thy advent in the skies,
As a celestial boon,
Gilding this lower world of ours
With rays of Paradise,
And giving to our vine-clad bowers
The radiance of the skies.

The gleaner in his harvestings,
Greets thy return with joy,
With flail and sickle merrily sings
And sound of shrill hautboy;
Pomona's gifts, spread all around,
Gladden the Farmer's heart;
All with thy radiance richly crowned,
Thou Harvest Moon, so bright.

The lovers in their lengthened stroll,
The mariner at sea;
The traveller, the laborer, all,
Bright Harvest Moon, bless thee;
And e'en the sick—the prisoner bound,
Oft from the window peeps,
To view the scene when nature round
In moonlit beauty sleeps.

Ah yes! to such thrice welcome thou,
Emblem of that bright land,
Where sickness, sin, nor sorrow, bow
The happy, holy band:
Then ride on high, thou Harvest Moon,
Gladdening all hearts below,
Linger in orbit, soon, too soon
Thy darker disk will show.

Nov. 6, 1843.



THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY E. T. P. S.

CHAPTER I.

My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of till the world my own.

Goldsmith.

THIRTY years ago, on the eve of leaving the city, to spend a few weeks on the sea-shore, I set out to make parting calls on a few of my friends. I first rang at the door of my friend Langdon, a dashing, free-hearted, worldly fellow, some years older than myself, who kept open heart and house for those he called friends, and whose many fine traits of character endeared him to me in spite of his recklessness. I was inclined to excuse him for some extrava-

gances, since he married a lady as gay as himself, and whose notions were, if possible, more worldly than his own.

I had waited some time at the door before my call was answered, but, at last, a servant opened it and ushered me into a room where confusion was apparent ; although several hours into evening, the tea-equipage still remained as if some of the family had not partaken. After a little delay, I was joined by Mr. L. "Glad to see you," said he, "you are just in time, I have something to show you, come up to the drawing-rooms." "You see," he continued, with all a father's pride glistening in his eye, "my daughters make their debüt to night at the first ball of the season, and the creatures do look like little fairies." As he finished he threw open the door, and they stood before me in all their radiant beauty ; and a more dazzling scene I seldom looked upon : the room was gorgeous with everything conducive to luxury and beauty, and amid all the array of couches, divans, and mirrors, lighted by glistening chandeliers, stood two beautiful girls : though very young,

they were graceful and elegant, and the youthful bloom of their complexion was made more brilliant by a tasteful display of costly and glittering ornaments. Although dressed in a similar gossamer dress, yet a tiara of diamonds (which were her mother's) circling the brow of one, bespoke her the eldest, and as she gracefully turned a pirouette at her mother's request, and they both glided off to the carriage, I could not help congratulating my friend and his wife on the loveliness of their daughters. After a friendly interview I took my leave to call upon my friend Everett. Mr. E. was a man of as great wealth as Langdon, but one who looked upon life with very different views and aims. E. thought as much too of his children as L., and was as anxious to have them appear well in society, but he took a more elevated and enlightened view of character, and preferred to have them admired for qualities of mind and heart, which will bless as well as adorn, to having them attract admiration merely for graces and adornments bought from hair-dressers, mantua-makers, and dancing masters. Mr. E. was a

Christian, and looked to the *future* well-being of his children as well as to the present. But we will take advantage of the call to peep at his practical arrangements. Upon my ringing, the door was opened by one of the sons, the servants having that evening been excused to attend the wedding of one of their number : being shown to the drawing-room, so many sweet sounds greeted my ears, I supposed they had visitors, but on entering I found only the sons and daughters of my friend. The eldest daughter was playing upon the piano, accompanied by her brother with the flute, while several younger ones were singing a new song which had that evening been sent to them ; a harp and guitar lying near, showed that they had just been giving forth their sweet sounds also. The young ladies received me with ease and grace, and although I had just left those, the beauty and elegance of whose appearance could not be heightened, I had soon forgotten the beautiful Misses Langdon in the charming conversation of the Misses Everett. Not that their appearance had been neglected ; far from it,

their dress was becoming and fashionable, with valuable jewels appropriate to their position in society and their father's wealth, but not being dressed for a particular occasion there was nothing to attract attention, while their interesting and pleasant conversation displayed a cultivation of mind and purity of taste and judgment which outshone the most glittering appearance wealth could purchase. Thus we passed the evening, occasionally listening to a song accompanied by one of the many instruments with which they were familiar, or criticising a fine painting just finished by one of the sisters, or speaking of their last social entertainment, or the next meeting of their society, or the many pleasant plans of usefulness and benevolence in which they were engaged. In the meantime two of the sons were studying Latin in the opposite drawing-room, while two younger children came in to bid papa and mamma "good night." Knowing the custom of the house I begged them not to delay their family devotions, as I should consider it a privilege to be present. A son then handed the family Bible, from which a

chapter being read, Mr. E. returned thanks to his Heavenly Father for protection and mercy through another day, sought pardon for sin and error, and committed his dear family into the kind care of an over-ruling God for the night; I soon took my leave, a happier and a better man. The next day I left town.

CHAPTER II.

Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of fame.

Coleridge.

Soon after leaving town I received advices from a house in India, informing me of the death of one of the firm, and presenting me with liberal offers and earnest requests to come and take an interest in the business. I hesitated some time, as they wrote it would not be worth while to come

unless I could stay some years, perhaps ten. I finally concluded to go; but instead of being absent ten years, I was gone nearly three times that length of time! should you be interested to know why I remained so long, the only reason I can give is that, after being there *ten* years, I had become so acclimated and accustomed to the ways and manners of the east, that I did not feel much desire to return, at the end of ten more I felt less desire, until being weary of hoarding gold to gold, I came home to give and spend it.

In the meantime, a period of twenty-seven years, I had heard but few times from some of my friends. Langdon never wrote me, but I heard a few years after I left that he met with some misfortunes. In a few more years I heard he had left B. for a distant southern city. From Everett I had letters pretty regularly along at first, but for many years, age, and interests nearer home, had excluded me from his exchanges. On my return, however, I sought him out, and will give you the sequel to my calls twenty-seven years before.

It was a bright and beautiful day in Sept., one of those days when Dame Nature seems to be rejoicing in the riches of orchard and field she had so profusely displayed for her children ; Autumn had just tinged the foliage with its resplendent hues, and a bright sun gilded spire and hamlet, mountain and vale, with its golden radiance. I walked forth in the afternoon to find my former friends.

Twenty-seven years bring great changes in persons and places : to one who has been absent, changes are more noticeable, and in many instances, by the impression left on his mind years before, he may see causes as well as effects. In the street where Mr. Everett resided was a change ; instead of a large wooden mansion, with a portico and lawn in front, and gate and large trees and garden on either side, there stood now a block of massive stone houses, with balustrade and an iron fence enclosing a few stately trees, the only memento of the natural beauty of other days. As I read the names on the door-plates, and found *three* of them Everett, I was puzzled, but soon

divined what was actually the case, that one was the father and the two others his sons. I rang accordingly, and sent in my card, which was answered by a request to walk into the library, but before I reached it I was met by Mr. E. himself, who embraced me cordially; we entered, and for a few moments looked in silence. There is a peculiar emotion in first meeting one from whom we have been separated so long; language seems too impotent to convey the gushing thoughts, long repressed friendship, the questions and answers, observations and explanations, which rise in almost overpowering variety to one's mind. Though the frosts of sixty-seven winters had silvered the head of Mr. E., they had left but slight marks of infirmity; indeed, he said his health was as good as ever: with great humility and gratitude he told me of the occurrences to himself and family since I left. His family were all around him in the enjoyment of health and wealth except one son, "he, poor boy," and the tears rolled down his face, "lost his life by making too great efforts at a fire which destroyed my store.

house some years ago. It was a great blow to his mother, but we tried to bear it with submission ; we knew if the Good Shepherd took one of his lambs into a richer pasture we ought to rejoice in the change, and when we remembered the love, the sweetness, the piety of dear James, we did rejoice that he was happy with angels in his home on high, and, finally, we were enabled to see that his death was for our good, for my son Charles and my dear Julia, though seemingly faultless, had thought more of earth and things that perish, than of heaven and its glory, and the immortal interests of the soul. But the death of James formed an epoch in their history ; death had never before entered our household, and when he took one they so much loved, they were very much affected : with tears they told me they intended to think more of their spiritual destiny ; that world to which their dear brother had gone ; and I soon had the pleasure of seeing my dear boy and girl professed Christians. Thus joy was mingled with our sorrow ; though we parted with one child we were united to two others by ties

which the grave cannot sunder. Excepting this affliction and the loss of property, I have been blest with comfort, and my family with more than ordinary health. Though I have given away immense sums from time to time, yet wealth has been poured into my lap, and it is not the least of my causes of gratitude to the Supreme Disposer of all things that I have had it in my power to relieve the distresses of the poor and needy. My eldest daughter married S. W., of whom you have probably heard, even as far off as your adopted land. Julia married Rev. Mr. C., who, though not belonging to the same religious order as myself, I was happy to receive as a son. Forms and ceremonies, my friend, I think much less of than I once did. Faith in God, love, truthfulness, and charity, should be our rule of fellowship as far as private social relations are connected, without any estrangement or animosity because we differ on minor points or forms. My two other sons live on each side of me, and my wife seems to live her youthful days over again in her grand-children. Oh! my friend," said Mr.

E. in closing the recital, "the blessing of God has been around me ; would I could impress it upon the minds of our youth, eager and anxious for wealth, fame, and happiness, that the first step for them to take, and the only one certain of success, is to love God and keep his commandments, and then they have the promise that all things else shall be added to them. Many there were who commenced life with me, who started fairer, with prospects brighter, and everything seemingly more prosperous, who have stumbled and fallen into sin or poverty ; or, at least, the very hopes they cherished most have been most disappointed, or the very views and objects they so eagerly sought, have proved their greatest bane, and caused them and their families more unhappiness than if they had not attained them." This remark called to my mind Mr. Langdon : I immediately inquired concerning him. Mr. E. said he had not heard of him for years ; " he became very much reduced in property, and I could not get knowledge of him at all. Indeed," said the good old man, " I could and would have assisted

him had I known his state at the time, but you know he used to ridicule my Methodist ways, as he called them, and even had a dislike to have me know of his misfortunes ; and at last, suspecting that a package of money which I sent him came from me, he left without letting me know where he was going. I heard afterwards, however, that he had gone to Charleston, S. C., where one of his daughters was married." "Can you tell me about the daughters ? " exclaimed I, remembering their beauty, the diamonds, and the pirouette ; "Oh, yes," said he, "sweet girls, they deserved a better fate. The eldest became acquainted with the Count de V., whom she met at a ball. Knowing her father was reputed immensely rich, and as she was very beautiful, he immediately put in requisition every art and endearment to gain her affections. After some time he succeeded : her father, a shrewd man in every matter, was very particular in his inquiries and examinations of the man and his credentials, and being satisfied with these, gave his consent to their union, bestowing upon his daughter a handsome

marriage portion, as the Count said he should settle down in this country, probably in this city: he would not purchase his house and furniture, he said, till he had concluded some negotiations in Charleston, S. C., whither he would take his bride on their marriage. He went, taking with him, on one pretext and another, all her valuables and money, but as he invited her sister to accompany them, it was not supposed there could be anything wrong. Alas! the sequel proved this very invitation was but a part of the same vile plot; for as soon as they left this city they were joined by a Mr. Sinclair, a friend of Count de V: the beautiful Maria was deceived by a specious gallantry, and fascinated by merely outside accomplishments, and sacrificed herself to one utterly unworthy of her.

On their arrival at Charleston, as soon as they were married, Count de V. said he had just received letters from Paris which required his immediate presence there, and leaving his new wife with her sister, he took with him all the funds which her father had placed in his hands, and

was never heard of more ! Expecting daily to hear from him, his wife remained with Mrs. Sinclair, cheering and consoling her, for although but a few months had elapsed, yet she had already found her lot a hard one : her husband was never at home except he brought with him a set of roistering companions for whom she had to prepare, and while they stayed, the only moments of peace she had was while they were at their midnight revels, or dormant from the effects of them. Sad indeed was her lot ! delicate health, added to neglect, and the absence of many little comforts to which she had been accustomed, brought on a nervous melancholy, which her sister, with her own heavy grief weighing upon her, could not dissipate : thus was she situated when a last stroke to her misfortune came, in hearing of her father's utter ruin, and that too in consequence of the profligacy of the eldest son. The same mail brought the sad news of their mother's death, occasioned by mortification and sorrow. Worse indeed would it have been for them had they known the whole particulars, and seen the sad

reverse to the picture which their youth had witnessed. The eldest son being connected in business with Mr. L. had opportunities for embezzling to a greater amount than his father imagined, and when he absconded, and the affair was looked into, it was found to be bad indeed ; everything came into the hands of the creditors : although many pitied Mr. L. none felt like helping him much, because of his former extravagance and folly. His wife, removed to humble lodgings, sank under her griefs, and the very day the elegant furniture of their former mansion was under the hammer of the auctioneer, and her gay friends were uttering their satirical remarks, Mrs. L. was dying in a retired room in the next street !

After this event, Mr. L. took his two remaining little girls, and went to Charleston. As he had not heard of the aberrations of Mr. Sinclair, he supposed he might put him in a way of acquiring a support for himself and the two sweet children with him ; at least, he should be near and be cheered by occasionally seeing his eldest daughters."

This was all Mr. E. knew of the former gay, wealthy, proud Langdons; the package of money he sent him on hearing of his misfortunes had never been acknowledged, and he did not know that he intended leaving the city till he was gone. As I intended going to Charleston soon I told Mr. E. I would try and find him, if living, or know his end, if no longer on earth.

CHAPTER III.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.

Walter Scott.

AFTER remaining a while in my native city I set out on my tour South. On arriving in Charleston I inquired for the house of Mr. Sinclair, and sent in word that a gentleman wished to know where Mr. Langdon was; the answer came back that

Mr. Sinclair knew nothing of any of the family. As the porter saw I felt anxious to know, he said hurriedly, and as though fearful of being overheard, "If you go opposite, sir, they will tell you all about it." Accordingly I went "opposite," and was told that Mr. L. lived in No. 9 the same street ! I accordingly rang at No. 9, but I can hardly dare attempt giving you a description of my interview with Mr. L., who was still living, and received me cordially and with some degree of calmness, though the overwhelming sorrows and changes of the past twenty years came so vividly up that it almost choked his utterance. In the course of the evening he gave me the following recital, taking it up where Mr. E. left it. "When I arrived in Charleston," said he, "with my two little girls, I was bowed with grief and mortification, and needed the comfort and sympathy I was expecting at the hands of my daughters, especially Maria : judge of my feelings then, when, on arriving at Mr. Sinclair's, I was shown an infant son, the only remaining token of my beloved Maria ! She had died three weeks before, and

being on his journey he had missed the letters ; and Lucette had felt so indignant at Mr. Sinclair's neglect of Maria that she did not wish to remain in his house a moment ! I was stupefied. I had often flung a handful of silver to a poor mendicant in the street with scorn as well as pity, that he was so poorly off, and here I was, with only a few dollars in my pocket, and four beings dependent upon me ; for Lucette said she could not bear to leave the sweet, smiling babe, that even now bore a resemblance to our poor Maria, to the care, or rather to the neglect of the hirelings in such a house as Sinclair's. Had I been in my native city I could have applied to those I knew ; but here I was in the midst of entire strangers, with actual want staring me in the face. But, my dear friend, God in his infinite mercy saw I was sufficiently humbled, and sent an angel to my succor.

"There was a lady who lived opposite to Mr. Sinclair by the name of Morton. Mrs. M. had, long before the death of my poor Maria, noticed her pale and unhappy looks and the anxiety of

Lucette ; but knowing the character of Sinclair, and well divining he was the cause, though she longed to offer her acquaintance and her sympathy, yet delicacy forbad her intruding ; on the death of Maria, however, she went over, and she offered her aid so earnestly and tenderly, poor Lucette was thankful to have her counsel on the trying occasion of my arrival : never shall I forget the first time I saw her ; so much sorrow and trial of all kinds had subdued me so that my spirit was broken and submissive ; this disposition she mistook for the gentleness of a Christian under trials and conversed accordingly, speaking so beautifully of God's dealings with his creatures, his mercy, fatherly care and correction, that I, a poor hardened sinner, a scoffer at divine things, who had lived for mammon and the gratification of self, was filled in turn with such thoughts, reflections, remorse, and contrition, that finally, on my knees I exclaimed, ' God be merciful to me a sinner ;' and hope and peace once more dawned into my mind, but I need not tell you that it was such hope and such peace as I never knew.

During the weeks that these struggles were going on in my mind I felt quite ill. Mrs. M. and Lucette were arranging plans for our future support: Mr. M. said he could easily get me into a good mercantile house, which in time would be sufficient for the support of all, but at present Lucette was anxious to aid; but what could she do? Mrs. M. thought her fine education might avail for her now: poor child, the word education was a mockery in her case! her masters had finished her a few elegant paintings, a smattering of many languages, and a few tunes on several instruments, but as for the science or the art, the why or the wherefore, she knew no more than a Chinese; house-work, even the lighter and suitable parts in her own house, her delicate health and the soft habits of all her past life prevented her attempting, so that the only thing she could think of was plain needle-work. Mr. Morton placed us in a house of his own, rent free, God bless him! and a few weeks more saw us comfortably situated in our new home. During this time, the Christian influence exerted by Mrs. Morton upon the mind of

Lucette was not lost, and it was not long before we could rejoice together in telling what the Lord had done for us spiritually. Ah! my friend, what are earthly riches, honors, and pleasures, to be compared to the heavenly peace and joy which spring from religion! It is now eleven years since I came here: one of my young daughters is married and the other is to be married this week, but Lucette will not leave me. Our clergyman was anxious to have her several years ago, but she says she has devoted herself to her poor old father: Oh, I do not deserve such a child! when I think how frivolously and ruinously I brought up my children in B.; I am struck dumb with amazement to think that God should have overruled it thus, and prepared any one to cheer my old age by her virtues and affections. Oh, the idea is preposterous and sad that we put off religion till such a load of sin and ingratitude is accumulated that a sensitive Christian is overwhelmed with memories of the past: Ah, in the still hours of the night the image of my poor lost boy, my first-born, who has caused me so much

woe, haunts me, till I can hardly endure my own reflections."

I asked him if he had heard anything definite from him since his defalcation and flight. "Oh, yes," said he, "as he took large sums belonging to our creditors, they pursued him, but his disguise prevented their taking him; would to God they had, that he might have had space for repentance, for, alas! he became one of those wretched gamblers who frequent the steamers on the great western rivers, and was killed suddenly in a rencontre with one of his vile associates; he died, my heart bleeds to think of it, with imprecations and curses on his lips: Oh, that parents and children would think more of early culture."

Before I left I saw Lucette; although twenty-seven years of care and sorrow had taken off the bloom and the sprightliness of the bright girl just in her teens whom I saw at her father's elegant mansion, yet I thought her expression far more interesting and precious than it was then; for now was seen the sweet smile, radiant of immortal joys, the placid brow, revealing eternal

hopes, the tearful eye, expressive of more grateful emotion than tongue can tell, with a gentle, subdued demeanor, and earnest affection and devotion to her father which none could see without admiring.

Thus I have given you, my young friend, the recital, which, as inculcating and illustrating the benefits of youthful piety even in this life, and the ultimate success of high and virtuous aims, is appropriate and interesting, none ~~the~~ less so for being—*founded on fact.*





ECHO SONG..

BY ELIZA T. P. SMITH.

On the shores of the Adriatic the women come down to the shore at nightfall and sing, then listen for a response from their husbands and friends on the water, that they may be guided home by the sound of their voices.

Soft and slow.

ADAPTED BY S. HILL.

The musical score is written for piano. The upper staff uses a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff uses a bass clef, the same key signature of one flat, and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a bass line with quarter notes. The lyrics 'The few-few tells the closing day, The' are written below the lower staff, aligned with the notes.

Echo Song.

pp. Echo.

last sun-rays have left the bay And the shore :

The first system of musical notation for the first system of the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'last sun-rays have left the bay And the shore :' are written below the staff.

Night overspreads the sea and land— Speed,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'Night overspreads the sea and land— Speed,' are written below the staff.

pp. Echo.

speed thee on, O faithful band, Hasten o'er.

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'speed thee on, O faithful band, Hasten o'er.' are written below the staff.

Women sing.




HIE curfew tells the closing day,
The last sun-rays have left the bay
And the shore :
Night overspreads the sea and land,
Speed, speed thee on, O faithful band,
Hasten o'er.

Men echo.

Now list ! O hark ! and echo bear
Response to those we hold so dear
Swiftly now :
O soon we'll all so happy meet,
And joyous hearts a welcome greet,
Row, lads, row.

Women sing.

O hasten, brothers, come to land,
The moon hath dipped her silver wand
In the wave :
Sweet breezes here, and fragrant flowers
Invite  to the evening hours,
Come, ye brave.

Echo Song.

Men echo.

See ! see ! afar, our friends so dear,
Our wives and mothers ! all are there,

Pull the oar :

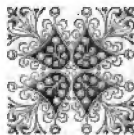
And briskly to the land now, boys,
Our labor o'er we'll taste home joys,
On the shore.

Chorus by both.

O welcome, welcome evening time,
Our vesper hymn, and echo chime,

Joy and love :

Awaken now each happy measure,
For friendship is a precious treasure
From above.





THE VOICE OF FLOWERS.

BY REV. T. F. CALDICOTT.

ROXBURY.

FLOWERS are the gift of God to man ; these are the varied colorings, the rich tints, the delicate touches, by which the great landscape of nature is furnished with such exquisite beauty. Here, as from a laboratory, God sends forth ambrosia, odor, nectar sweet, to perfume the abode of man. By them **He** shows his munificence, and makes them teach us lessons of wisdom, and from their frailty we may learn our own.

See yonder Lily, how pure and delicate its hue, how perfect its form, how sweet its fragrance ! can anything be more delightful to look upon ? but a cold blast passes over it, see ! it withers, blackens, dies :—why did it not last longer ? be-

cause it is frail as the grass; the wind passes over it, and it is gone. Such is man: such are especially the young who die; beautiful, fair, diffusing joy around them, but the cold blast lays them low, and prematurely numbers them with the dead. Let, then, the fading flower ever remind us how frail we are.

In the variety of flowers their Voice is to be heard in sweet teachings.

Some flowers are beautiful to look upon, but send forth a noxious, deadly odor; such are like the hypocrite, with fair form, but foul purpose: despise and avoid such. Some are varied and rich in coloring even to satiety, but leave no perfume, as the tulip; such are like the giddy, gaudy, and vain, who put all they are worth outside, but have no merit within; whose only adorning is their apparel, without the ornament of a cultivated mind. Some are modest and sweet, like the Violet. Some are most fragrant in death, as the Rose. Such resemble the good man who dies in the Lord, the savor of whose works follows and lives after him.

May you, my reader, possess the modesty of the Violet, the purity of the Lily, and the fragrance of the Rose ; that when, like the flowers, *you* shall be laid low in death, there may arise from your past meekness, devotion, and love, a fragrance that shall make all who know you hold you in grateful remembrance.

Roxbury, Sept. 26, 1847.





A WORD TO MOTHERS.

BY THOMAS P. SMITH.



A MOTHER'S influence! What theme more interesting! what one more important! Who has not known a mother's love, and how few but have experienced her watchful care!

While man is engrossed with the cares of a business life, or by ambition for fame or power, she, who in the retirement of *home* is moulding the young mind to acts of benevolence and honorable ambition, is lost sight of at least for a time, but she is not permanently forgotten; the gleaner of history, as he sums up the virtues of a by-gone generation, tells of her who never told of *herself*.

Biography informs us that most great and good

men had good *mothers*. The mother holds in her heart and carries in her hand the destiny of nations : but how little does she revolve these great truths : to-day she looks upon the urchin wending his way to the school-house, satchel in hand, little dreaming that to-morrow he may be in the pulpit or at the bar, with just that moral character she has given him. What more important or interesting theme can occupy the mother's thoughts, than to be true to this trust,—a trust with which God has highly honored her.

Mother, you may feel often tried in your endeavors to improve and benefit your perhaps wayward boy, and as you see him turn laughingly away from your instructions, feel almost discouraged ; but, the needle is not truer to the pole, than *good* is, to follow your instructions. Take courage, then, impress your children as they climb your knee or lean upon your bosom, with the priceless value of a truthful heart and an unfaltering honor ; let your counsels, warm from a mother's heart, glow with a love which she only knows ; and not truer to its purpose

shall be the dew or the sunshine upon the flower and plant that springs at your feet, than shall your influence be upon the character and destiny of your child.

Cast, then, your influence in favor of all that is ennobling in human character ; that cherub boy, now prattling at your knee, if properly directed by you in childhood, shall stand among the pure and good of the land, honored and respected, filling important stations ;—neglect him, and you may see him a drift-weed upon the ocean of life, embittering your existence, and bringing your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Let us not forget that the greatest results of the mind are produced by small, but continued, patient effort. We are told that a distinguished scholar who wished to impress his own mind with the great importance of this truth, kept hung up in his study the picture of a mountain, with a man at its base, with his hat and coat by his side, and his pick-axe in his hand : as he digs stroke by stroke, his patient look corresponds with his words which hang above him as a motto, "little by little."

As surely as a continued digging will wear away the mountain, so surely shall the persevering efforts of a Christian mother be crowned with success. Those Islands, also, which so beautifully adorn the Pacific, were reared from the bed of the ocean by the little insect which deposits one grain of sand at a time. By an equally slow process is the beautiful coral formed.

But in the culture of her children, the mother is doing something more; the fabric she rears is an *immortal* structure; she is acting through them on future generations.

We have all, probably, in our childhood, stood by the side of some quiet lake, and casting into its glassy bosom a pebble, watched the ripple it made until it reached the opposite shore, broke, and disappeared. This is a faint, though beautiful emblem of a mother's influence. She is, through her children, casting pebbles into the bosom of society; but she cannot as easily watch the ripples made: no, they reach beyond the shore of mortal vision, and shall ripple on, in that sea that has neither shore nor bound, for

weal or for woe, to them, and to the whole universal brotherhood of man. How all-important then is her influence !

Mothers of Republican America, yours is a glorious position ! On you rests the correct training of those men who are to guide this mighty nation in its future career. Take courage then : that roguish boy who now turns smilingly away, will ponder upon your words, your efforts shall yet bless him ; long after you are dead, what you have said while living shall come up to his mind, and shall speak with a voice which cannot be resisted.

You do not, you cannot know, a boy's love for a faithful mother ; it strengthens with his strength, and ripens with his years : it is his ministering angel in the hour of temptation, it follows him like the light, and shines when all other suns are eclipsed, it speaks to him in tones that no music hath, in strains that melt and soften as they fall upon the ear.

Woodvale, Roxbury.



SAMUEL GRAY.

BY THOMAS P. SMITH.

You may be what you resolve to be ;
You may do what you resolve to do.



At the base of the Wachusett Mountain, there still stands a quiet hamlet, clothed with the moss of many years ; the childhood home of Samuel Gray. Twenty years have passed away, since a stripling boy, he left that village home, for a residence in Boston. What a tide of rushing memories heave the quiet bosom of these past years !

* * * * *

“You may do and be what you resolve to do or be,” said his grandfather, a veteran of sixty years ; and the words fell with enchanting power upon his youthful ear, as the village stage-horn poured its shrill notes through the woods of his

native valley, and proclaimed the hour of his departure.

"Then I will be *great* and *do good*," was his youthful decision.

The stage has accomplished its trip, and he is placed for the first time in the metropolis of New England, a stranger, to commence a mercantile education.

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The scenes of gaiety and amusement which, to the eye and ear of the country boy, present a gilded bait, now allure and dazzle: the strength of early principles is now to be tested; integrity, virtue, and honor, are now to be tried by a sort of chemical test: well and deeply laid have been his early habits and principles, if through this furnace he pass unscathed: he may then redeem his early pledge to be great.

He enters the store of his employer on Monday morning, and is met by four other clerks, who discover by his thoughtful look and manly demeanor that some high purpose is in his bosom and character: they are strangers, however, to his

resolve. Ere long they see that his principles are purer and higher than any which actuate them, and they call him the deacon of the store, and aim at him that dart which has pierced more hearts than any other, viz. *ridicule*. They tell him that "we have but one life to live, and that a short one," and urge him to be merry, and enjoy it; they strive to persuade him that his Puritanical notions, as they call them, will do very well for people in the country, but will never do for the city; at least, they must be largely saturated with the elastic principle, if he ever means to be anybody, or make a noise in the world, thus touching that first motive that urged him on, ambition; a struggle ensues, ridicule, attacking his principle; ambition, appealing to his pride: he struggles, they urge him on to scenes of gaiety and vice, with all the power of friends; they persuade him to visit the theatre, and other places of amusement, and to haunts of dissipation; to raise to his lip the intoxicating bowl; they chuckle as they feel that they have made him their prey, and scoffingly say among themselves, "We should

like to see the principles that can stand *our* test." He apparently yields; they feel sure of him. For months Samuel Gray treads this giddy way, until he is sensible that his principles have received a severe shock, although to quiet his conscience on the first temptation, he regularly attends church, and as regularly resolves to leave off their society and ways; but he is obliged to mingle with them in the business of the day, and cannot withstand their wiles for the night. His friends from the country hear of his departure; they unite in strains of earnest entreaty, but his companions ridicule what they write, and keep him still their victim.

The summer again returns. After the winter's dissipation, his conduct has been such, that he dare not return to the paternal roof; for his two or three weeks' absence from the city, he seeks a sister residing in a neighboring town; he reveals his dangers and temptations, and makes her, as he was wont to do in his childhood, his confidante. She listens to him, and weeping, falls upon his neck, and clasping him to her heart, exclaims,

“My brother, my youngest brother, will you heed an elder sister’s advice ? if you will, it shall deliver you ; remember,” she adds, “the old family Bible, our grey-haired father, his morning and evening devotions, his long and lingering illness, his calm death-scene, his last words to us all, his particular solicitude for *you*, when he said to you, ‘*beware of evil company.*’ Let us kneel and pray that God, who was so good to him, may succor and deliver the child ;” they knelt and prayed, words and tears flowed in rapid profusion ; they rise, and he resolves in God’s strength to face his old associates, with the memorable words of his grandfather, “You may do what you resolve to do, you may be what you resolve to be.” The hour arrives to test him : in manly dignity he meets them, and utters the sentiment : they quailed under the flashing integrity of his look, but he keeps this last resolve to break off from his former associates. Alas ! evil company, like the atmosphere, everywhere surrounds us ; he found that as “eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,” so it is of virtue and honor. Samuel felt that he

was in a vortex or whirlpool, to escape from which he was to strain every nerve, and call into requisition every good principle which he has pondered upon or cherished ; he felt, as the mariner feels, when the wind rages, and the storm howls, that all the ability of which he is master must now be called to his aid. He casts his eye upon the green fields and hills, upon the running brooks that were associated with his earliest recollection, and feels that these aid noble resolves and aims ; but alas ! in business, these are far away, and instead, he is to mingle with those who have well nigh proved his ruin ; he contrasts country with city life, and thinks it could be easy to remain in the country, and arrive at the summit of his early hopes without opposition. He fancies to himself the perfect ease with which he might have accomplished his purposes of greatness there ; but droops under the thought, that these must be carried out, if at all, under far different auspices. By the ever shifting drama of human life, his acting stage, is the bustling city ; amid all the temptations it presents to ingenuous

youth, and the barriers it imposes to severe moral and mental discipline.

While moralizing upon the probabilities of being able now to resist temptations to which he yielded, he fears he may again yield. The graphic and soul-stirring words that first fired his youthful ambition now fall with soul-stirring power upon his ear; "You may be and do what you resolve to be and do."

He forms his plan, digests and matures it, little thinking how much easier it is to make a plan than to follow it.

The sun of the first day of his return had scarcely set, when his resolutions, plans, and principles, were again to be tested.

"Well," exclaim the four old associates, "we must have a treat to-night with you, after your long absence."

Now was the time for Samuel to broach to them his unalterable purpose, to break away from them and their habits; he replied with a tone that was not to be mistaken, "I have signed the temperance pledge, and my course is to be entire-

ly changed." Contumely, scorn, and ridicule, now attack, but all in vain : he passes the first and severest ordeal unscathed, his manly decision paralysed all, and broke up the evening's entertainment.

How little did our hero think, that his reward was so near at hand ; he had not fancied a result so glorious in the wildest day-dreams that had occupied his mind ; he had not looked beyond *himself* or his *own* deliverance, when a new impulse was given to his plans, by the glowing countenance and rejoicing heart of one of those who had the previous night assailed him. " Samuel," he exclaimed, " I am with you, my name is enrolled upon the temperance pledge."

That evening Samuel and William met at the door of a mutual acquaintance, whither they **had** been invited to a social party ; Samuel **persuaded** William to return to his lodgings, and the morning dawned upon them to witness his entire deliverance from the habit. Thus had Samuel made his first mark on the moral destiny of William.

He now felt, what noble minds alone feel, that to redeem a human being from a habit of evil which had overmastered him, is to accomplish a moral achievement, in comparison with which the ideas of greatness which he had cherished for himself were mere boyish fancies, and Samuel felt, for the first time, that the first step in human greatness was *to do good*.

William and Samuel had both been salesmen in the same store, and had not been, hitherto, any more circumspect than others. They now began to turn the investigating eye inward to scan the *motive* as well as the *act*.

They had been almost convinced by the practice of the employer (down to the lowest employed), that the truth was a troublesome visitor when a good bargain was to be made. The motto of that store was what we fear that of too many is now, "Get money, honestly if you can, but at all events, *get money*."

They resolved to break off the habit of falsifying to customers to sell their goods, and the consequence was, that the sales of these two young

men fell off from what they usually had been. At length, the employer or proprietor of the establishment called them aside one evening, and said to them, that he thought they had lost their interest in business, as the sales were so much less than formerly. A struggle ensued in the bosom of each. At last, Samuel, remembering that he could "do what he resolved to do," spoke out; "Sir, we have lost no interest in your business, nor are we wanting in a laudable ambition to excel as merchants; but we are resolved to do business on Christian principles, to speak the truth at all times to you and for you."

"Christian principles!" (in a tone of derision) "talk about carrying *them* into *business*! why you ought to be sent to the madhouse as beside yourselves! this will never do; if you have been so weak as to be entrapped in the religious net, **you** cannot remain in my employ; you will never answer my purpose; this accounts for the falling off in **your** sales; to-morrow we will settle our accounts and you may go, if you insist in your course." They separated, Samuel and William

to their homes with heavy hearts, the employer, not wholly lost to shame, to his home, where he gazed upon two sons of his own, and exclaimed to himself, "What have I done to those friendless and orphan boys? what I should like for another to do to these were my heart still, and my voice hushed in death?" but he was interrupted by a visitor, and he banished the thought. But through what ordeal are these martyrs to truth now passing? They are far away from home, and one has a widowed mother dependent upon him for support. What shall they do? the business season is too far advanced to obtain another situation, and they are dependent on him who has just advanced his frigid principles. "Shall we yield, Samuel, and go back?" says William; "go back?" answered Samuel, "remember our motto, 'we can do what we resolve to do;' go back or yield? neither. Upward and onward is our word. We will make our proposition to Mr. —; if he will accede to it, we and our principles shall triumph. It is this: that Mr. — shall try us for three months, and let us test our

principles ; and then if we do not average as well as before, we will give up the idea that one may succeed temporally as well with the truth as with falsehood : if he will not accede to this, we will pledge our salaries upon it, and trust in the God of truth to aid us." Monday came, and the proposition was made and as promptly rejected : the parties are about to separate ; when suddenly the employer says to them, "I will accept your proposition : you may stay your three months and we will watch you."

Alas poor human nature ! too weak in all thy boasted strength, always to refuse homage at the altar of truth ; her charms will sometimes melt and win when the stormy winds of passion are still. The first half of the time has sped and they are still in the arrears : they have not become so expert as a series of years' training in the school of vice has given their antagonists. But still they persevere. They begin to command general confidence, and those who have traded with them once, return ; there is something in their manner and conversation that interests and challenges

confidence, and they find they can be relied upon. The young men begin to find that fewer words are necessary to convince their customers of what they say, they rapidly increase in their profits, they take courage, the three months have passed away, and they have *triumphed*.

This amazes the employer, and by it he is induced to look upon the young men with more favor, and is willing to hear them; he listens to their past history, the various struggles they have passed through with the clerks, and last with him. While they recount the heavy evening expenses the other clerks were subjected to for years past, the thought strikes him, "and where do they get the money?"

Knowing them to be entirely dependent upon him for their money, he fears that they may have taken money not their own, he begins to account for his yearly deficiency of stock; "why not?" he says, "if they will violate the commandment, 'thou shalt not bear false witness,' why **not** the one 'thou shalt not steal?'" He determines to look into what he has heretofore scoffed,—Religion:

he does ponder the truths of the New Testament, and decides with Samuel and William upon one course, and that, to speak *the truth*. He now turns his attention to the three clerks whom we have before mentioned ; he says naught to them, but resolves to watch them for three months, and keep the matter to himself : ere the time passes he detects two of the three in dishonesty, and discharges them, and makes known to the third his own decision.

Two years have rolled away, and Samuel and William are connected in business in the same house and with the same man ; with the very man who first ridiculed, and then respected and honored them ; and that house is now one of the wealthiest in the city.



MY FATHER!

BY ELIZA T. P. SMITH.

And I am conscious of affecting thoughts,
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
And elevates the mind. *Wordsworth.*



Y Father! What remembrance dear
Arises when that name I hear.
Memory's voice brings back to me
Childhood's moments full of glee,
All its gambols, all its plays,
All my father's kindly ways.
Ah! it brings to me again
Days of weariness or pain,
When soft cradled in his arms,
Gentle songs soothed all alarms.
Those years, alas! how quickly flown—
Those years, with love and blessings strewn.

Memory's voice it wakes again—
That parental, tender strain;

Love and precept, line on line,
Did my Father's word combine—
Yes, it was his lavish hand
Ever placed at my command
All that could adorn and bless,
Knowledge, truth, and happiness.
Those halcyon days have passed away—
But his kind counsels with me stay.

My Father! yes, I see him now,
With generous hand and sunny brow,
Making happy those around—
Soothing grief wherever found.
And tho' now my father's hair
Whitened is by age and care,
By his counsels I abide,
In his love I still confide.
O God, his life, long to me spare,
And let me still his goodness share.



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